

THE ECLECTIC.

JULY, 1859.

I.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THIS affair of Popery is "no new-erected business," to use the words of John Bunyan with reference to Vanity Fair, "but a thing of ancient standing." It is older than the oldest man now living. It is older than the oldest kingdom now on the earth. It was set up before a stone had been laid in that city which has been vainly and somewhat impiously styled "Eternal." Its origin goes back to a remoter antiquity, even, than that of the long-perished kingdoms of Nineveh and Babylon. It preceded, as it has survived, these kingdoms. While they were still young, it was comparatively old; though it did not in those days bear the same name, and had not become the perfectly-developed and fully-organized system which it is in these latter times. In truth, Popery is about as old as the world itself; for, as there has ever been but one Gospel on the earth, so there has ever been but one Idolatry on the earth. And as the system of Truth traces its beginnings to Eden, and in its progress downwards to modern times has passed through various and successive dispensations, or developments, as the phrase now is—rising ever higher and higher, from the symbolical and the typical to the spiritual and the real; so the system of Error, which too had its rise in the earliest times, has passed through successive developments, displaying itself to the world in ever-increasing breadth and ever-growing stature, till, from the comparatively simple and rude system of early times, it came to be that terrible combination of political and spiritual power, of physical and moral force, unmatched in complication and cunning, and unrivalled in bold, defiant, and imperious power, which stands revealed in these latter days. The two systems have advanced by analogous stages. Nearly coeval in birth, they have been nearly contemporaneous in their grand epochs of development and progress.

Idolatry has reached its perfected development in the Papacy.

VOL. II.



A

The reader may start, and may hesitate to acquiesce in a conclusion that appears to conflict with all his previous ideas respecting Popery. He has been accustomed to hear it spoken of, and he himself has always thought of it, as a sort of corrupt Christianity—as not belonging to the family of the *idolatries* at all—as standing separate and apart from Paganism, as much so nearly as Christianity itself. Yet, no : it is the lineal descendant of old Paganism. It has Pagan blood in its veins, and is itself a genuine Pagan. Popery is the matured Paganism of early times. The stripling of eastern lands has grown to manhood in the Popery of European kingdoms, and, like other full-grown persons, it is the rightful heir of all the possessions of its ancestors. It inherits their fraud, their deceit, their truculence, their insufferable pride, their insatiable ambition, their love for the mysterious, their hatred of light—nay, their very crimes, with the vengeance due to these crimes—all have descended as a hoarded inheritance to the Papacy.

The thoroughly Pagan lineage of the Papacy it were not difficult to trace ; but to do so at any length would lead us away from our subject proper. Nevertheless, we may devote a few minutes to the matter. A few rapid strokes will suggest, though they cannot trace the line. In Chaldea, then, beside the original seat of the human family, idolatry arose. There it was the worship of the GRAND and the SUBLIME. Lifting his eyes to heaven, yet fearing to enter it and appear before the Eternal Majesty, man saw outside of it no unmeet representative of His glory ; “ his heart was secretly enticed ” to pay homage to the sun as he looked down from his noontide height—or the moon, as she walked in brightness through the midnight firmament. Idolatry next travelled westward into Greece, and there it became the worship of BEAUTY and PASSION. All lovely things in nature, and all the passions of the human soul, were deified. By this step idolatry, as it were, came down from heaven to earth—from the celestial bodies to earthly forms ; and the sensuous clime, which suggested this form of idolatry, supplied in abundance the fitting deities. The landscape abounded in forms of loveliness ; its hills and valleys were perfect in their contour and voluptuous in their grace, and the race that inhabited them was ardent, susceptible, and passionate. Principles became persons—impulses appeared divinities : wherever the Greek saw a lovely form, or a powerful emotion, there he saw a god, and knelt in fervent worship. They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. The subtlety and creative power of their genius misled them, seducing them into the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, “ who is blessed for evermore.”

But empire moved westward, and idolatry accompanied it : for

it has ever been fain to entwine itself around power. Idolatry has ever planted its seat near to where authority had planted hers. An alliance founded on reciprocal benefits has ever existed betwixt the two; the throne reflecting additional prestige on the altar, and the altar lending additional sanctions to the commands of the throne. Quitting Olympus, idolatry now fixed its abode on the Capitol, and there it became the worship of ORDER and GOVERNMENT—but an order and government that took the form of conquest and subjugation. The race was getting older, and therefore soberer and more practical. Dismissing the idealistic creations of the Greek, the Roman betook himself to the more substantial acquisition of dominion. His gods were like himself (as ever happens to fallen and unrenewed man), they were martial, ferocious, sanguinary. They revelled, in the heavens, in the same battles and contests for dominion, which man, after their example, carried on, in a very diminutive scale as compared with theirs, on earth. But in Rome idolatry had lost the poetic colouring, the garb of beauty and grace which it wore in Greece; it had become a grosser thing, it tended more earthwards: in due time it embruted and demoralized the Roman, as it had previously emasculated the Greek, and then the Roman empire fell. The Goths rushed in; and these hardy sons of the North, fresh from their native forests, wrested from hands now palsied with superstition and vice, the sceptre of the world. But though the empire of Rome fell, the empire of idolatry did not fall. On the ruins of Pagan Rome, stood up Papal Rome. It was the body only, the political frame-work, which the swords of the Goths had slain: the spirit still lived. The same idolatrous spirit which had possessed old Rome crept back again into the new political organization. The Roman empire was never thoroughly christianized. It is, indeed, true that there existed in it numerous churches which held the faith in sincerity and truth, and it is also true that genuine believers, sound in knowledge and holy in life, were scattered here in little companies, there in large bodies, all over the empire, but Christianity seems never to have universally or thoroughly pervaded the masses of the people. And when the Goths overspread the empire matters became worse. The new comers were received into the church without instruction, or any adequate initiation into the truths of the gospel. They were baptized in the majority of cases, though retaining their Pagan beliefs and their Pagan practices. Here was a soil favourable in the highest degree for the revival of the old idolatry. It did revive: the same earthly, groveling, debasing worship of the creature, the same sensuous and polluting worship whose cradle had been rocked by the astrologers and star-gazers of Chaldea, whose youth

had been passed amid the olive groves, and the temples of voluptuous Greece, and whose manhood had been reached amid the stern contests and martial sounds of Imperial Rome revived anew. Only the sorceress, no longer young—like her prototype Jezebel, strove to hide her withered charms, by decking herself with Christian ornaments. Her Pagan lineage, however, could not be concealed; her instincts and propensities, which could not be changed, broke forth and betrayed her. Hating Christianity, as Paganism hated the one true religion of old, she expelled it to the extremities of the empire. The old rites were restored; the old festivals were re-enacted; the flowers, the incensings, the lustral water, the very gods but with new names; in short, everything down to the very vestments returned, and had an old Pagan risen from the tomb, he would not once have suspected that any change had taken place. And now the identity of modern Popery and ancient Paganism has been completed and openly proclaimed in the decree of the "Immaculate Conception." That dogma is the proof—plain, manifest, and unanswerable—that the worship of Rome is a system of creature-worship—an idolatry which, though associated with the Christian name, wears it only as a mask. It invests Mary with the attributes of divinity, and it places her as the supreme, and almost the sole object of worship on the altars of Romanism.

This amazing vitality with which idolatry is endowed, may well seem strange. It lives on through all changes. Dynasties go down to dust; kingdoms and nations pass away; but this system appears to defy death. Entombed, as men believe, it returns from the grave to occupy its old place, and assert its old dominion over the world. In one sense, this is strange; in another, it is not: for has it not as its parent one who never dies, even "the dragon, that old serpent"?

This terrible system, exiled for a while by the blessed Reformation, has come back again to Britain, and is clamouring for restoration to its ancient place and power. From Italy, now a land of dungeons; from Spain, now a land of brigands and beggars; from France, where a grim tyranny sits watching a sullen and infidel anarchy, the Papacy comes seeking permission to tread our free shore. As it has ever done, so now, it veils its hostile and criminal designs under the most plausible and innocent professions—the demon strives to transform itself into an angel of light. "From me," it says, "your liberty, your literature, your commerce, your property have nothing to fear. Ali will I leave untouched. Only let me pitch my tent and dwell among you after the old fashion. I come not as the enemy, but as the friend of your constitution. I come not as the enemy, but as the friend of your sovereign. I protest I will not encroach, no not by a

hair's breadth, upon your rights, civil or religious. I will defend liberty not less resolutely than yourselves." So speaks the deceiver, and the rulers of our land have guilelessly listened.

Since the year 1829, the era of Catholic emancipation, Romanism has been making steady and great progress in Britain. Since that period everything that has transpired has helped it onward—the even poise of political parties, the rise and the fall of ministries, revolutions abroad,—events the most opposite—have all worked together as if fate had decreed that this system should rise once more to its old ascendancy among us. At the same time it becomes us to remember that this progress of Romanism is far indeed from being the result of mere desultory efforts on the part of its friends, or of intermittent and random sallies on Protestantism. It has been pushed forward according to a settled plan, contrived with a skill as masterly as it has been steadily and successfully prosecuted. The first and initial step was to select a little band of young devotees, of whom Cardinal Wiseman was one, and to send them to Rome to be thoroughly trained for their glorious work, as they accounted it, of bringing the British isles once more within the sacred enclosure of the true fold. Cardinal Wiseman has confessed as much in his "Recollections of the Four Last Popes." Completing their studies under the keen eye and skilful hand of the Jesuits at the Collegio Romano, they returned to Britain, and became the pioneers in the work of Romanizing our country. Measures were taken to prepare a larger band of workmen. Maynooth and other popish colleges were erected, and ultimately endowed. The great fountain-heads of influence in England were next laid hold upon—the Colleges and the Church. Certain chairs in the university of Oxford were filled with Romanizing priests, who thus enjoyed admirable opportunities of infusing their poisonous tenets into the minds of the youth who were to fill in after life the parliament, the Church, the army. Other embryo Romanists found admission into the pulpits of the Anglican Establishment, and originated the same movement inside the ecclesiastical pale which others were carrying on outside. Next the Press was worked. The "Tracts for the Times" began to appear, in which, under a fair guise of candour, unction, and spirituality, the seminal principals of Popery were advocated with great plausibility, with not a little literary power, and much logical acumen. The poison was imbibed unconsciously by vast numbers, and did its work. Perversions began to take place in the ranks of the Anglican Clergy; and the list of *clerical* seceders to Rome was speedily swelled to hundreds. Not a few of the nobility, large numbers of the aristocracy, and even the middle classes, followed the clergy in the abandonment of their

faith. The consequence has been a transference of no little social prestige, and great political power, and vast pecuniary resources to the Church of Rome in Britain. It is not the wont of that Church to leave advantages unimproved. These acquisitions were made the stepping-stones to higher. The Romanists demanded that the Statute-Book should be purged of all laws inimical to the dominancy of their sect. The Statute-Book was purged. The Church of Rome next demanded grants for her schools and reformatories. They were given. She demanded paid chaplaincies for her priests in the army. The chaplaincies were conceded. She demanded the same thing in jails. It was granted. Her clamour grew louder with every new concession. The more that men strove to gratify her, though at the expense of their own rights and liberties, the louder grew her outcry of oppression and wrong, and in exact proportion as Protestant submissiveness increased and Protestant grants were multiplied, Romish arrogance grew the more intolerable, and Romish demands the more numerous. And now what is the position of matters? Her priests, chapels, and flocks are rapidly multiplying in every part of the land. Monasteries, nunneries, and reformatories are springing up. A network of confraternities is being spread over the country. The ties betwixt the Catholics in Britain and their co-religionists on the Continent of Europe are being drawn closer. The Papal aggression, which found them insulated in a sort, and so far simply a British sect, constituted them a compact and marshaled body, and recognized their standing as a distinct politico-ecclesiastical community, by placing them under a foreign code, the Canon Law, and subjecting them to a foreign prince, Cardinal Wiseman. Henceforward the Church of Rome in Britain knows no authority, obeys no impulse, and prosecutes no enterprise, save the authority that resides in the Vatican, and the impulses that are propagated from thence. To crown all, this body, so separate and distinct in its character, its organization and its aims from all around it,—this body which tells us that it knows no king but the Pope, and that it obeys no law but Canon Law, which forms one body with Papists abroad, and whose train-bands are spread over all the kingdom, under the name of bishops, priests, brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, sisters, of mercy, friars, nuns, schoolmasters,—this body, we say, is now replenished from the British Treasury, with an annual endowment in the shape of grants, which of late have been steadily rising, and now amount to a prodigious sum. The least reflective, if he but give himself to the consideration of the matter, must see that the Church of Rome in Britain has attained a position of solid power; that the danger thence

arising to the peace and liberty of the country is a truly formidable one. In our opinion the attempt to dislodge that Church from her position will be found to involve one of two things—the surrender of all endowments by the Protestant bodies, or a civil war.

Let us take a survey of the past progress and present position of Romanism in Britain. We beg that our readers may not be frightened at the array of figures which it now becomes our duty to put before them. Statistics cannot be made as fascinating as rhetoric, but they are not less important, and may even be more startling and impressive. We hold they are so in this case. Let the reader patiently ponder what each figure we are now to place before him imports; let him reflect that it represents a power working at the foundations of the Constitution and seeking its overthrow, and he will find our pages still full of significance. Let us first look at the machinery with which the Church of Rome is working in Britain. And first, as regards the number of her chapels. In the year 1780, there were only 200 Popish chapels in England. In 1829, the year of the Catholic Emancipation Act, they had increased to 394. It appears, from the "Catholic Directory" of the present year, that the number of Popish chapels in England and Wales, in 1858, was 749; and in Scotland, 177; giving a total in Great Britain of 926. This is a body numerically as large as the Free Church of Scotland, nearly as large as the Established Church of Scotland; or, we should say, larger, if we compare the public functionaries of the two churches. It is instructive, too, to look at the rate of increase. Starting from the year 1780, when the number of Popish chapels in England was 200, we find that in the first fifty years thereafter, the additions were 194; whereas, in the next thirty years, that is from 1829 to 1859, the additions are not less than 477. Thus, with steady and ever accelerating steps, is Rome advancing to the position of a national establishment.

Let us look next at the rapid increase and present numbers of Romish ecclesiastics. The number of priests in Great Britain in 1829, was 477; in 1858, their number, including bishops and priests unattached, was 1222, being an increase of 745. Thus it appears, that during the last thirty years, Popish chapels in Great Britain have more than doubled; and that the priests have increased threefold. In 1829 there were no monasteries in Great Britain; now there are 34 monasteries, although, by the Catholic Emancipation Act, such are illegal. In 1829 there were no nunneries in Great Britain; now there are not fewer than 110. In 1829 there were no Popish colleges in Great Britain; now there are 11—of which number 10 are in England and one is in

Scotland. No despicable progress this, since 1829. Where, then, there was but one chapel, there are now two; where, then, there was but one priest, there are now three: while the monasteries, nunneries, and colleges, are all clear gain.

Schools are another important arm of the force with which Rome is operating on Great Britain: let us look next at these. They may be divided into two classes, *Reformatories* and *Common Schools*. Reformatories date no further back than 1854: they were established in the hope of reclaiming the outcast juvenile population of our great cities, and grants in their behalf were solicited and obtained from Government. The Roman Catholic Church, taking into account that she owned the great mass of this class of the population, saw clearly that her advantage would lie in establishing Reformatories, and claiming Government money in their behalf. Her Reformatories amount to somewhere about a score. A sentence of the magistrate consigns the young delinquent for years, it may be, to these places. The teachers in them are monks, priests, and nuns. Instead of Reformatories, therefore, they are simply nurseries of Popery, and, by consequence, of crime. For the most part, to these Reformatories large tracts of land are attached, which the inmates cultivate; and it is a very moderate calculation to say that the proceeds of their labour suffice to carry on the Reformatory, thus leaving the Government money free for the support of conventual establishments, which almost always exist in connection with these Reformatories.

Let us turn next to Common Schools in connection with the Church of Rome in Great Britain. The Committee of Education have been as liberal as indiscriminate in their grants in aid of these schools, and the consequence is, that Popish schools have rapidly increased of late years. The Parliamentary Report for 1857-8 shows that the number of such schools are as follows:—In England, 241; in Wales, 5; in Scotland, 26: making in all, 272. The number of Popish teachers, as appears from the Minutes of Privy Council on Education, is as follows:—Male teachers, 307; female, 543; making a total of 850: to which are to be added 3 Popish inspectors. The number of scholars attending these schools, as appears from the Inspectors' Returns, is—male, 17,033; female, 19,601: making a total of 36,634 youths being trained in Popish schools. To complete this view of the Romish agency now vigorously at work in England, Scotland, and Wales, we must add 73 Popish chaplains in the army in Great Britain.

But in estimating the extent and power of the Popish machinery in the country, we ought not to confine our view to this side of St. George's Channel. We must look across at Ireland. The Church there is one with the Church here. The bonds betwixt

the Romanists of the two countries are strengthening every day. They have one head: they have one object, on which all their efforts are made to converge—and that is the overthrow of Protestantism. The late elections have shown with what decisive effect the Popery of Ireland can act upon the policy of statesmen and the fortunes of political parties. It can make or unmake ministries; and, to a large extent, mould at will the policy and destinies of the country. The position of the Church of Rome in Ireland is, therefore, an element that enters most deeply into the consideration of our subject. The number of chapels in Ireland is 2284; giving a total of Popish chapels in Great Britain and Ireland of 3210. The number of priests in Ireland is 2925; giving a total of priests in Great Britain and Ireland of 4147. The number of Popish schools in Ireland receiving grants from Government is 4251; making a total of Popish schools in Great Britain and Ireland (exclusive of private schools) of 4523. The number of Popish teachers in Ireland is 6048; making a total of Popish teachers in Great Britain and Ireland of 6898. In Ireland there are 31 Romish colleges, 220 convents and nunneries, 111 monasteries, 36 chaplains in the army, 130 chaplains in Poor-Law Unions, and 56 chaplains in various prisons and asylums. Let us look at Dublin alone. The “Christian Doctrine Confraternities” of that city have under them 1642 teachers and 20,430 pupils. There are besides, in and near Dublin, 40 nunneries, with 639 “religieuses,” besides chaplains and prioresses, having under them 7500 pupils; and all in addition to the National Schools, under the control of priests and Popish teachers. How vast and pervasive the Popish Propaganda in this one city! What must be the state of the whole country!

Who can survey this vast and powerful machinery but with feelings of astonishment and alarm! Here is a complete equipment of chapels, colleges, schools, convents, monasteries, erected avowedly, not only for changing the faith, but for subjugating the independence of the country. This apparatus is directed by a cardinal, archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, Jesuits, schoolmasters, and a host of emissaries under various designations. Such is the army entrenched in the land in Rome’s behalf, and such is the instrumentality it possesses for carrying on the war. That war goes vigorously and successfully forward. Not for a day are operations intermitted. Now Rome is seen working in the light, but more frequently in the dark. Every week she is sending forth her publications to seduce the unwary and destroy the simple and ignorant. She is training the youth by thousands in her schools; she is corrupting the principles and lowering the virtue of the people, and propagating vice, pauperism, and crime. She

is distracting our national councils, and, partly by threats and partly by cajoleries, she is coercing our statesmen into a line of policy hostile to the home interests of the country, and dangerous to its foreign relations. She is banding her members in secret societies to the hazard of the public peace; and is inoculating them with sentiments inimical to the rest of the community and the government of the country. She is working quietly, patiently, laboriously, and most hopefully, in a view of a not now distant time, when her numbers and position shall entitle her to demand, *first*, that she shall be made one of the established churches in Britain, and *next*, that she shall be declared *the* established church in Britain. These two things attained, the last and convincing step will soon follow: she will then seize upon the government of the country.

It were bad enough did such a state of things exist independently of Protestants, in spite of our efforts to the contrary. It were bad enough had Romanism got this footing of influence and power in the country solely in virtue of its own energy and resources. But this is far from being the case. We have opened the citadel of our constitution to this army of invaders; and not only so, we have pensioned and supported it. It is our money that maintains the war. Not only have we been apathetic and indifferent, which in such a cause were culpability enough, but we have conspired against ourselves by subsidizing the enemy. Without British gold, lavishly and criminally bestowed, there would have been no such array as we now behold in Britain, of chapels, schools, nunneries, and monasteries, and no such army of bishops, priests, monks, and Jesuits. Within these few years back grants to Popish agents and Popish institutions have suddenly mounted up from hundreds to thousands, from thousands to tens of thousands, and from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. Nor is there the least likelihood that the grants will stop where they are. They are still rising. The Popish clamour is as loud as ever: the disposition to concession among statesmen is as great as ever, and to what yet more portentous amount these grants may rise, no one can say. It is here that our guilt and our infatuation lie, that we are courting our own undoing, and forging with our own hands the weapons meant for our destruction. Let us go a little into particulars.

From Parliamentary returns, and from the careful and very accurate statistics compiled and published by the Scottish Reformation Society, it appears that the Church of Rome in Great Britain is in the annual receipt of endowments from the British Government to the following amount:—For schools in Great Britain, £36,314 7s. 3d.; for schools in Ireland, £102,842 18s. 9d.;

for College of Maynooth, £30,000; for chaplains in the army, at home and abroad, £7,229; for 186 chaplains, at £50 each, in workhouses, prisons, and asylums in Ireland, £9300; for 6075 Douay Bibles to the army, £451 10s. 2d.; for 700 Popish prayer books ("The Garden of the Soul"), £27 13s.: making a total of £186,165 9s. 2d. And to these are to be added sundry grants which are made by our Government to priests and schools in India, in Australia, and other colonies, as well as at home, the exact amount of which cannot be ascertained. Taking these into account, we feel that we cannot be in error when we say that the sum given annually by the British Government for the support of Popery, cannot be less than **TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.**

Our attention is solicited not only to the fact of these grants, and their truly formidable amount, but also to their portentous rate of increase. This vast Popish endowment is the growth of a few years; it has sprung up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd; and should the same rate of progress be maintained for a few years to come—and why should it not?—what will be the position of the Romish Church in Britain? It will be that of an established church so far as money goes. Already it nearly equals, in point of endowment, the Established Presbyterian Church, it will then far surpass it; and as regards the wealth of its revenues, and the number of its priests and dignitaries, it will have become the rival of the Anglican Establishment. Let us take, for example, the Popish appointments in the army, and see how both chaplains and salaries have multiplied of late years. In 1854, the number of Popish chaplains in the army, stationed in Great Britain, was twenty-four; and the amount paid as salaries £744. In 1855 the number of chaplains was twenty-three, and the amount of salaries £897. In 1856 the number of chaplains was thirty-seven, and the sum paid £1486. It will be observed that betwixt 1854 and 1856, the salaries to Popish army chaplains had doubled. But the increase of chaplains and salaries did not stop with the year 1856: it went on; and now we find, from the last Parliamentary Return, that for 1858, the number of Popish chaplains is seventy-three; and the aggregate of their salaries (including the pay of nineteen commissioned chaplains) £4938. The result presents us with this very formidable fact—namely, that during the past four years, the Popish chaplains in the army have increased three-fold, and their salaries nearly seven-fold. Not to weary our readers with details, and to state all under this head in a single sentence—in the whole British army at home and abroad we had in 1853 a band of seventy-nine Popish chaplains, while in 1858 the number had risen to 145. And as regards the money paid for the valuable commodity of their instructions, we

gave in the former year £750; whereas in 1858 we gave no less a sum than £7229—that is, the sum paid in the latter year was nearly ten times greater than that paid in the former year; so prodigious is the growth of the grants. Equally rapid and startling has been the increase in the grants to Popish schools. The sum is already portentously large (in Great Britain £36,000; in Ireland £100,000 in round numbers), and has by no means reached its limit. It is larger this year than it was the last; it will be larger the year after than it is this year; and the year after that it will be larger still. In short, limits to its increase there are none. Popish avariciousness will continue to beg, and Protestant indifferentism will continue to give.

We call on all to ponder these facts. We call on every man who thinks that the Revolution of 1688 was a blessing, and that the rights and privileges it conferred on the nation ought to be maintained, to ponder these facts. They will show him that what was done then is in course of being undone; that the victory it cost us so long a struggle to win, is being insidiously snatched from us; that our rights are being frittered away; and that a course has been entered upon which can have no other termination than that of national humiliation and disaster. We call on every man who values his Protestantism, and regards it as the palladium of our liberties and the source of all that ennobles our country, to ponder these facts. They exhibit a line of policy which goes to the overthrow of the Constitution of the country, the destruction of its liberties, and the demoralization of its people.

We protest against this policy as unconstitutional. It is directly in the face of the fundamental principle which we solemnly adopted as a nation at the Revolution. That principle was that the Constitution should be Protestant. What did that mean as a *political dogma*? It meant that the Pope was not to have jurisdiction or power in the country. And we accordingly proceeded to bring into harmony with this principle the framework of our Government. We declared that no one but a Protestant could occupy our throne, and that no one but a Protestant should have the making of our laws. The Nonconformists of this country have abetted the change in the Constitution which annulled the latter disability, on the ground which they have ever maintained, that no religious opinions *should* interfere with the enjoyment of political rights. But while, on this broad ground, and in honour of a principle which is most sacred to them, they have thus, in *recent* years, contended honestly for their Romanist fellow countrymen, they must *now* protest, when they find the public money, of which they do not partake, *lavished* so abundantly

upon the establishment of a system which they conceive to be not only a portentous religious falsehood, but a political curse. The Nonconformists number more than half the population of *Great Britain*, and they demand to know why privileges should be conferred, and money given, to this religious body, whose principles are so hostile to the free institutions of our country, while they neither ask nor receive such honours, or subsidy, in support of their churches? Why should their money be nefariously appropriated to uphold a creed which they believe to be damnable in its delusions and obnoxious to their own and the country's interests? They object to the support of one religious establishment, as an injustice not only to themselves, but to that *truth* which it professes to conserve. Now, they are urged by every recollection of their history, and every principle of their faith, to arouse themselves to uproot the young and malignant sapling which threatens, with such prodigious growth, to overshadow the land with a most deadly umbrage; and protect their country not from a *second religious* establishment, but from a second establishment which will establish irreligion and idolatry in its subtlest and its strongest form. If they have fought with Roman Catholics, though detesting their religion, for *their* political liberty, they must now, and with most decisive vigour, fight against them on behalf of their own. Will they endure another burden in support of others' creeds, especially the Papists'? Is their magnanimity so great, or their spirit so supine?

The evil principle involved in the establishment of religion is now brought into most painful prominence, and we trust will be seen by many who hitherto have been blind to it. It is argued, if soldiers must have religious instruction and consolation, the Catholic soldiers must have it from their own priests; and, therefore, the Government must send and pay them. So of our jails; and now the cry is likewise raised for our workhouses. It is that deduction "therefore" which Nonconformists pronounce a "*non sequitur*," and demand that it shall not be put into force; and, where it has been, that it shall be rescinded as wrong in logic and fatal in policy. For any dullard may see that, by this reasoning, you must support lamas for your Buddhist, and gurus for your Brahmin soldiers; and if the Government provide religious instruction and consolation for those in jails, workhouses, reformatories, &c., according to the peculiar persuasion of each individual, a mighty host of spiritual directors will be required!

While, however, this general question of establishments is in debate, Nonconformists may render illustrious service to their country, as they have done before, and save the constitution from the plague of a Romish establishment, by requiring that the Catholics be treated as themselves, and refusing to bear fresh

burdens of taxation for subsidies to them, which they scorn to receive.

There is one lesson, great above most others, which the Reformation teaches, in connection with the very question we are discussing. A glance over the Europe of three centuries ago shows us that to whatever height the Reformation attained in any of its countries, if it did not carry the governing power with it, it failed to render itself permanent. Of this France is a striking illustration. At one period, the one-half, if not the majority of the nation, was on the side of the Reformation; but it failed to carry the throne with it, and so France fell back again into Popery. Britain is a not less striking illustration on the other side. We were never able to make the Reformation stable and permanent in this country till the reigning family had become really Protestant. The Court and the Parliament evinced an incurable tendency to lapse in Romanism, and did so on more than one occasion, dragging the nation back with them. It cost us a struggle of 150 years to reform the throne, and we were able to do this only at the Revolution. Since the Revolution, the Reformation has been stable in Britain. But now we begin to discover strong symptoms of a disposition to lapse back into Romanism; and why? because the governing power has changed its policy. Though from very different causes, it is substantially the policy of JAMES. It is the very same anti-national, time-serving, truckling course which landed the country in all the humiliations, disasters, and disgrace, from which we were happily rescued by the opportune appearance of the Prince of Orange on our shores. The same course will to a certainty conduct to the same issue.

We protest against this course as fitted to forfeit the favour of Heaven. What an ennobling spectacle do the Protestant nations exhibit, as contrasted with the Popish States of Europe; and especially Britain, the head of the Reformation, as compared with continental countries. Blessed with peace, enriched with commerce, adorned with art and industry, the abode of liberty and letters, and crowned with social and domestic virtue, our country rises a sublime monument, in the midst of the earth, of the value of Protestantism; while Italy and other Popish lands, ravaged by war, torn by faction, scourged by ignorance and vice, and a prey to all the evils of beggary and slavery, lift an equally emphatic protest in the face of the world against the Papacy. Shall we reject that with which God has so visibly connected his blessing, and shall we choose that which he has so visibly and awfully branded with his curse? What, in that case, can we expect but that we shall be forsaken of Heaven?

We protest against the policy, which the facts we have stated

indicate, because it is demoralizing the country. There can be no dispute here that Popery is *false*. We as a nation (our statesmen included) profess to believe that Popery is idolatry. But can that which is *false* benefit anyone? The plea of our rulers is that it can, and that therefore they are justified in giving annually £200,000 to have it taught throughout the nation. We say nothing here of the innate absurdity of believing in the efficacy of falsehood; we simply deny their assertion. We say Popery cannot possibly benefit any human being. Nay, its effect is destructive: and, in proof, we appeal to the state of every nation where it exists, and to the state of our own nation, to the extent to which it exists. It is a wrong done the Papist. Let him, if he likes, support his own religion, but let us not volunteer to uphold for him a religion which we believe robs him of truth and sinks him into a condition of mental slavery and social degradation. It is a wrong done the Protestant; because it burdens him with taxes demanded by the very poverty and crime the Popery propagated by the State has caused. The £200,000 annually given by our Government in support of Popery is not only wasted, it is accomplishing great positive mischief. It is lowering the intelligence of the country, deteriorating its morals, weakening its industry, and endangering its peace. We protest against their policy as a gross and monstrous perversion of the very first end of their office, which is to diffuse through the nation what is true and wholesome, not what is false and noxious.

We call on every lover of his country to bestir himself. The matter is urgent: the evil is great. It is growing from one day to another, and from one year to another. It will be more difficult to remedy to-morrow than it is to-day: and more difficult the day after to remedy than to-morrow. We shall have more Popish colleges endowed, more Popish chaplains appointed: we shall soon see a priest in every ship of war, a chaplain in every regiment of the line, and in whose hands will the power of the army and navy then be? We shall soon see the Popish church established in Ireland, and the Act of Settlement set aside, preparatory to a Popish Advent, provided the country keep quiet. "A little further, and then we shall stop," say the Government. So have they said from the beginning. What a delusion! The attempt they are now making is as foolish as it is criminal. They are attempting to satisfy an avariciousness that is literally insatiable, and gratify a lust for power that will never be content till it results in full and uncontrolled dominion. What the Papist wants is Britain: not a part of it, but the whole. He wants the sovereignty of the Queen, that he may give it to his Holy Father, the Pope: he wants the revenues of our religious establishments,

that he may give them to his bishops: he wants the estates of our nobles that he may endow therewith his monasteries and convents: he wants our *Magna Charta*, that he may make a bonfire of it.

II.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

La Question Romaine. Par E. About. Bruxelles: Melines, Cans et Cie., Libraries-Editeurs, Boulevard de Waterloo, 35. 1859.

MORE than three hundred years ago, a noble knight of Franconia, well acquainted with Italian affairs, and an accomplished scholar, poet, and orator, published at Mayence an attack upon the Papacy, entitled "*Trias Romana*," in the form of a dialogue, in which the interlocutors are the author—Nebrich von Hutten—and his friend Ehrenhold. The former relates what had been told him of the Court of Rome by a traveller named Vadiseus; and these stories take the form of triads,* frequently interrupted by the exclamations of Ehrenhold, and by the reflections which he and Hutten interchange. The "*Trias Romana*" is remarkable for the stinging pungency of its satire, the power of its invective, and the fearless boldness of its language, and proved a most powerful instrument in furthering the cause of the Reformation throughout Germany, by opening the eyes of the Germans to the monstrous abuses of the system to which they and their forefathers had for centuries submitted. But in these days the Papacy had long arms, and the success and popularity of Nebrich von Hutten's satire roused against him a host of enemies, whose persecution at length drove him to die, in misery and solitude, on the little island of Neffnan, in the Lake of Zurich. Since the publication of the "*Trias Romana*," there has appeared no more terrible *exposé* of the follies, corruptions, and crimes of the Papal system than M. About's "*La Question Romaine*." The invective of the great knightly reformer is more terrible, his passion more concentrated, his satire more bitter; while M. About is more polished and graceful, not so passionate or abusive, equally witty, and far less coarse. Nor are these differences to be wondered at. In the sixteenth century, toleration was not understood even by the Reformers themselves.

* For example—"Three things are brought from Rome by those who go there: a bad conscience, a spoiled stomach, an empty purse," and so on.

The right of private judgment in religious matters was unknown, and heretics were tortured and burned as the worst and most dangerous of criminals. In the nineteenth century, on the other hand, heretics—whatever may be their fate in the other world—have often the best of it in this; and have only to dread the editors of the *Univers* and the *Tablet*, or perhaps the perversion of a wife or daughter by a female Jesuit in the disguise of a lady's maid, or the abduction of a child by some proselytizing priest. Hutten, driven from place to place, and at last dying in the flower of early manhood, worn out with persecution, and enfeebled by disease, is a type of the reformer of the sixteenth century; while M. About, obliged to discontinue his articles in the *Moniteur Universel*, by the complaints of the Pontifical government, and to seek a publisher in Brussels instead of Paris, is a type of the reformer of the nineteenth; and these different circumstances may well account for the unsparing invective, the concentrated bitterness of the one, and for the playful wit, the epigrammatic smartness, the measured indignation of the other. But, in spite of these differences of sentiment and style, it is astonishing how much resemblance there is in the substance of the complaints of both against the Pontifical government. It was the worst government of Europe in the early part of the sixteenth century, and it asserts the same bad pre-eminence in 1859; while almost the same elements of evil now fall under the lash of M. About, that then received the strokes of Hutten. The latter denounced the profligacy, venality, luxury, and pride of the Romish priesthood—their forgetfulness and wilful violation of the precepts of the Gospel; and the former still finds the same vices debasing the character of the priestly caste who reign with absolute power over modern Rome. Both the German and the Frenchman consider a complete and radical change to be absolutely necessary. Hutten proposed a revolution of the whole system,* and M. About sees no other effectual remedy for the present state of things than the abolition, or at least the restriction, of the temporal power of the Pope.

We shall now endeavour to place before our readers the facts which have induced M. About to come to such a conclusion, requesting them to keep in mind that the present work is no party sketch—no crude collection of ill-digested observations and hurried notes of travel. M. About's first articles appeared in the *Moniteur Universel*, and were stopped on the reclamation of the Papal government; upon which, the author threw his sketches into the

* Hutten's words are: "superstitionum postergationem, officiorum abolitionem, universi ibidem status conversionem."

fire, and, after a year of reflection, assisted by an attentive study of the best Italian authorities, and by the conversation and correspondence of several illustrious Italians, produced the present volume. He tells us that he has studied the Roman Question in the Pontifical States, which he has traversed throughout, examining everything with the utmost attention: he does not pretend to have judged the enemies of Italy without indignation, but he denies having ever uttered a single calumny against them. His book contains twenty-one chapters, in which the Roman Question is considered in all its bearings; and we cannot help thinking that he completely succeeds in demonstrating that the radical evil is the possession of absolute political and temporal as well as spiritual power by the Pope and the priestly caste; and that, so long as this continues, it will be vain to hope for any amelioration of that despotism which for a thousand years has been the scourge of the Roman States and the plague-spot of Europe. The vices and oppression of the Pontifical system are the logical and necessary results of the degradation of the laic and the exaltation of the clerical class; and as long as political as well as spiritual supremacy belongs to the latter, there can be no improvement. All attempts to apply a remedy, under such conditions, have been, and must ever be, utterly useless. "Must our diplomatists," says M. About, "renew in 1859 this trade of dupes? A French engineer has shown that embankments raised along the course of rivers are costly, unprofitable, and always requiring repair; whilst a simple dam at the source prevents the most terrible inundations. To the source, then, diplomatists! Ascend, if you please, up to the temporal power of the Popes."*

The Roman Catholic Church, M. About tells us, consists of 139,000,000 of individuals, without counting the little Mortara. It is governed by 70 cardinals, in memory of the twelve apostles. The Cardinal Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, or the Pope, is invested with absolute authority over the consciences of the 139,000,000 Catholics. The Cardinals are named by the Pope, the Pope by the Cardinals, and, from the day of his election,

* Such also was the opinion of the Roman Republicans in 1848, as lately recorded by one of themselves. "In common with many patriots," says Luigi Bianchi, "I saw no means left to us of storming the tide of evils about to overwhelm the country, but this of depriving the Pope of his kingly office; and we resolutely set our hands to the work. In the resolution to effect this object, the ultra-democrats consented to unite with the moderate party. The different factions held secret meetings to consult on the measures to be adopted, and, after much discussion, all agreed that the temporal power of the Pope must cease, and all faithful Italians were summoned to lend a hand to effect this great end." (See *Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest*: by Luigi Bianchi. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street. 1859.)

in the opinion of the most orthodox Catholics, he becomes invested with infallibility. The Pope has obtained, from the devotion and folly of princes of the middle ages, and by subsequent intrigue and violence, the position of a temporal as well as of a spiritual prince, so that, in 1859, Pius IX. is the temporal sovereign of some 10,000,000 of acres, and of 3,184,608 subjects, who complained loudly of the evils of his government. They complain that the authority to which they are subjected is the most thoroughly absolute that has ever been defined by Aristotle, that the legislative, executive, and judicial functions are combined, confounded, and embroiled in the same hand, contrary to the custom of civilized states; that they cheerfully recognize the infallibility of the Pope in all religious questions, but that it is difficult to submit to it in civil matters; that they do not refuse to obey, since no man has a right, in this world, to follow the dictates of his own caprice, but that they would wish to have laws to obey, and that the pleasure of even the best individuals is not worth so much as the Code Napoléon; that, though the reigning Pope is not a bad man, the arbitrary government even of an infallible priest will never be anything but a bad government. They say, besides, that, in virtue of an ancient custom, which nothing can uproot, the Pope joins with himself, in the temporal administration of his realm, the chiefs, sub-chiefs, and spiritual employés of his church; that the cardinals, bishops, canons, priests, plunder right and left; that one and the same caste administer the sacrament to the provincials, confirm little children and decide law suits, regulate sub-deacons and arrestments, minister to the dying and draw up captains' commissions. That this confusion of the spiritual and the temporal, places in all the principal positions a number of men—excellent, doubtless, in the eyes of God, but unsupportable in the sight of the people; often strangers to the country and to the management of business, and always ignorant of domestic life, which is the basis of society; without children, which makes them indifferent to the future of the nation; without wives, which renders them dangerous for the present; finally, without any inclination to listen to good counsel, because they believe themselves to be sharers in the Pontifical infallibility. They further complain that these men pardon more easily an assassin than him who complains of an abuse of power; that they mismanage the finances of the State—wasting on basilicas, churches, and convents, what should be spent on railways, roads, canals, and embankments; that faith, hope, and charity receive more encouragement than agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; that public simplicity is developed at the expense of public instruction. Again, they say that justice and the police occupy

themselves too much with the care of souls, and too little with the care of bodies; that they hinder good citizens from the sin of blasphemy in reading improper books, or in frequenting the society of those who entertain liberal opinions, while they do not hinder scoundrels from assassinating good citizens; that properties are as badly protected as persons, and that it is hard not to be able to reckon upon anything except a seat in paradise. They are compelled to pay more than 10,000,000 francs a year for the support of an army without virtue or discipline, of doubtful honour and courage, and destined never to make war except against the citizens; and it is humiliating, when one must submit to be beaten, to have to pay for the stick. They are forced to accommodate foreign armies, and especially the Austrians, who have a heavy hand. Lastly, they complain, that this is not what the Pope promised in his *motu proprio* of the 12th September; and that it is very sad to see infallible personages fail in their most solemn engagements.

Such is the heavy indictment against the Pontifical government which M. About puts in the mouth of the Roman people; and we believe that he is near the truth when he says that, except those who have an immediate interest in the conservation of the system, and the very lowest and most imbruted dregs of the populace, the whole Roman people are malcontent. And well may they be so. The Papacy has been a greater curse to Italy even than the Austrians. Dante, Petrarch, Campanella, Sarma-rola, Quicciardini, and many other illustrious men, have united in denouncing it as the ruin of their country; and that acute Junius, Machiavelli, somewhere says "that the destinies of Italy are unhappy because they depend upon the Papacy."

While examining the question of the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, M. About points out that the greatest triumphs of the Catholic religion have been achieved before the Pope became a temporal prince, and that from the time when the spiritual and temporal powers were linked together, like Siamese twins, the more august of the two necessarily lost independence. The sovereign pontiff is constantly compelled to choose between the general interests of the Church and the particular interests of his own kingdom, and it is scarcely to be expected that he shall always be so disengaged from terrestrial affairs, as to sacrifice the earth which is close to him, for the heaven which is at a distance; and history shows us that the Popes have again and again, since their acquisition of temporal power, allowed the attractions of earth to eclipse the glories of heaven. The confusion of the two powers, which would gain by being separated, compromises not only the independence, but the dignity of the Pope. Bailiffs

eject in the name of the Pope; judges condemn an assassin, and the executioner beheads him in the name of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Nay, there is even the *Pontifical Lottery*; and what must the 139,000,000 of Roman Catholics think when they hear their spiritual sovereign, by the mouth of his Minister of Finance, congratulating himself that vice is on the increase, and that the lottery has yielded a good return?

In his chapter on the patrimony of the Papacy, M. About says, "I have never cast my eyes over that poor map of Italy, rent capriciously in unequal fractions, without making a consoling reflection. Nature, which has done all for the Italians, has taken care to enclose their nation by magnificent barriers: the Alps and the sea protect her on all sides and isolate her, while they seem to unite her into a distinct body, and destine her to a separate and personal existence. To crown the bounties of nature, no internal barrier condemns the Italians to form various nationalities. The Appennines themselves, an obstacle easy to vanquish, permit them to unite. All the existing divisions are arbitrary, traced by the brutality of the middle ages, or by the trembling hand of diplomacy which defaces each day the work of the previous evening. Only one race occupies the soil; the same language is spoken from north to south; all the inhabitants are united by the glory of their ancestors, and the remembrances of the Roman conquests fresher and more lively than the party hatreds of the fourteenth century. That spectacle has induced me to believe that the Italians will one day be independent of others and united among themselves by the force of geography and of history, two powers more invincible than Austria."

The author afterwards proceeds to give a sort of statistical account of the Papal States, showing what they might be were the bounties of nature taken advantage of, and what they are, owing to misgovernments and neglect. He points out the prodigious fertility of the plains, the variety of crops suitable to the soil and climate, the excellence of the buffaloes and cattle, the aptitudes of the country for producing everything necessary for the clothing and food of man, and concludes by asserting that, if the inhabitants want bread or shirts, nature cannot be reproached for their indigence. He afterwards computes the real capital value of the agricultural domains subject to the Pope, at 2,610,000,000 of francs—certainly a very large sum, considering the limited extent of the country. But then he also shows how the magnificent resources of the country are neglected. From Rome to Civita Vecchia, a distance of fifty miles, the country is almost a desert, and the environs of Rome are no better. The roads and means of communication are few and detestably bad, especially on the Mediterranean side

of the Apennines. On the Adriatic side, things look better, and, in truth, it may be truly affirmed that the activity and prosperity of the subjects of the Pope increase in the direct ratio of the square of the distance that separates them from the capital. M. About mentioned his observations and reflections on the state of the country to an ecclesiastic belonging to the Roman Church, who answered him in the following terms: "The country is not uncultivated, and, if it is, it is owing to the fault of the Pope's subjects. They are naturally idle, although 21,415 monks preach to them the necessity of work."

Having considered the temporal patrimony of the Pope, the author next proceeds to examine its inhabitants—the nobility, the middle class, and the plebeians. He asserts that the Italians, when not exposed by the neglect of their governors to the noxious influences of malaria, are handsome, strong, and healthy, and that their minds are the most richly endowed in Europe. But during many centuries their sphere of action has been confined to a narrow space by small despotic governments, which have urged them into miserable quarrels and paltry wars. But, take away the barriers which separate them, and they will soon be united. The chief of these barriers are the King of Naples, the Duke of Tuscany, and the Pope. M. About notices the allegation that the Romans will not make good soldiers: he shows that they furnished many good soldiers to Napoleon the Great; and he affirms that the same passions which make crimes against the person in Rome bear so large a proportion to other crimes, would, if rightly directed, make good soldiers of the criminals. The statistics on this point are curious. In Rome, in 1853, there were judged by the courts, 609 crimes against property, and 1344 against the person; while in France, during the same year, the Courts of Assize sentenced 3719 men for thefts, and only 1921 for crimes against the person. The Roman States are among the most thickly peopled in Europe, but they increase very slowly. The population has gained only a third between 1816 and 1853, while Lucca, for example, though under a bad government, in the 21 years between 1832 and 1853, has tripled its population.

The subjects of the Holy Father are divided by birth into three classes, between which the distinction is very strongly marked—the Nobles, the Bourgeoisie, and the Plebeians. The Gospel has forgotten to consecrate the inequality between man and man, but the Popes have amply supplied the deficiency. There are bottomless abysses between the Roman noble and the bourgeoisie, and between them and the plebeians. These distinctions, thanks to the care of the Popes, are especially felt at Rome: the plebeian prostrates himself before a man of the middle classes

and he again before a noble, who, in his turn, abases himself, as all must do, before the sovereign clergy. Twenty leagues from Rome this adulation of rank diminishes, and, on the Adriatic side of the Apennines, it is scarcely seen. The absolute value of men of each class goes on increasing with the square of the distances from the capital. You may be almost sure that a Roman noble is worse educated, of less mental capacity, and less free, than a gentleman of the Marches or of Romagna. The middle class, with some exceptions, is infinitely more numerous, more rich, and more enlightened, to the east of the Apennines, than in the capital and its environs; and the plebeians themselves have more honesty and morality, when they live at a respectful distance from the Vatican. The plebeians of Rome are but overgrown, badly brought-up children, whose cry is still, as in the days of the decline of the empire, "*Panem et circenses*."* They pay few imposts, and may indulge in immorality and assassination, provided always they are good Christians, bow down before the priests, communicate at Easter, and speak respectfully of saints. But if they attempt to vindicate their liberty, revolt against an abuse, or manifest any of the pride of manhood, for them there is no pardon. We ought not to judge them too severely, when we reflect that they have learned nothing, that they have never been beyond Rome—that they have examples of luxury in the cardinals, of misconduct in the prelates, of venality in the functionaries of government, and of waste in the Minister of Finance; and especially when we consider that everything has been done in order to root out of their hearts, like a noxious herb, the noble sentiment of the dignity of humanity, which is the foundation of all the virtues. The peasants of the Roman States are severely taxed. On the border of the Mediterranean, they are ignorant, hospitable, and superstitious, and full of faith in their priests and their religion, which, though it does not prevent them from giving a stab with a knife when inflamed by wine or passion, never permits them to eat meat on Fridays. On the Adriatic side of the Apennines, on the other hand, there is the material for a magnificent nation in the towns and villages: they are less superstitious, and more progressive. On the coasts of the Mediterranean, you will see inscriptions at the corners of the streets of "Vive Jesus!" "Vive Marie!" whereas, at Bologna and Faenza, you will see instead, "Vive la

* A similar remark is made by an able writer, in speaking of the religious fêtes of Rome. He says: "It is a satisfaction given to a people greedy of spectacles. It is an answer to the famous cry, *Panem et circenses*; or rather, it is an answer to the second of their demands; for the first, after the extravagant luxury, does not become more easy to satisfy." (See *Des Beaux-Arts en Italie au Point de Vue religieuse*. Par Arth. Coquenel, fils. Paris, 1857).

Ristori!" "Vive Verdi!" "When I went," says M. About; "to visit, near Ancona, the holy house of Loretto, which was brought from Palestine in the arms of angels, I saw a troop of pilgrims enter the church, who walked on their knees, pouring forth tears, and licking the pavement. I fancied that these honest peasants belonged to some neighbouring community, but a workman of Ancona, who happened to be present, informed me that I was mistaken. 'Sir,' said he, 'the unfortunates whom you see, live on the other side of the Apennines, since they still make pilgrimages. It is fifty years since we have made any: we work.'"

The middle class—forming the link between the aristocracy, who pride themselves on doing nothing, and the plebeians, who work that they may not die of hunger—form the nucleus of every well-constituted state; but in Rome the ecclesiastical caste, who prefer the fatal principle of temporal power to the dearest interests of society, consider it the wisest and most useful policy to debase and ruin them. Upon them falls the burden of the taxes, while they are excluded from all lucrative and honourable offices in the State; and nothing can equal the disdain with which the prelates and princes—nay, even the very *laquais* of Rome—speak of the middle class, or *mezzoceto*. Yet, among the advocates, artists, doctors, and those extensive cultivators who farm out the Campagna, who all belong to this despised class, there are many men of eloquence, learning, and skill in the management of affairs, who would do honour to their country, if only the opportunity were afforded them. The artists of Rome are now, for the most part, mere copyists, because they have no exhibitions, no prizes, no aid from government, no public encouragement, no intelligent criticism to assist and direct them. In the Mediterranean provinces the middle class is but little more elevated than in Rome; but it is far otherwise on the other side of the Apennines. There, all are hard workers, and dare to think for themselves; and all the different elements of the middle class—advocates, doctors, merchants, farmers, artists—boldly exchange their discontents and their hatreds, their fears and their hopes. That barrier of the Apennines which separates them from the Pope, unites them to Europe and to freedom. "I have never," says M. About, "conversed with a bourgeois of the Legations without rubbing my hands, and saying to myself, '*There is an Italian nation!*'"

As to the Roman nobility, the picture which M. About draws of them is the reverse of flattering; it would require a very powerful microscope to discover the granules of nobility in their blood. There are thirty-one princes or dukes in the Pontifical States, a great number of marquises, counts, barons, and chevaliers,

and a multitude of noble untitled families. A vast extent of seignorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and great; a tolerable revenue; an incredible prodigality in horses, carriages, liveries, and armorial bearings, some fêtes of royal magnificence every winter; some relics of feudal privileges: such are some of the most striking features which distinguish the Roman nobility, and entitle them to the admiration of all the Cockneys in the universe. Ignorance, idleness, vanity, servility, and absolute nullity are the slight defects which place them below all the other aristocracies of Europe. Their priestly education accounts for their ignorance and dullness, their piety and their impassibility. Take a Seminarist from St. Sulpice, polish him up properly, dress him at Alfred's or Poole's, bejewel him at Mortimer's or Castelain's, give him a smattering of music and equitation, and you will have a fair average specimen of a Roman prince.

The ninth chapter of M. About's volume treats of the absolute temporal power of the Pope. His authority is limited only by his own private virtues, and the present Pope shows no disposition to release his supremacy. "Has he renounced," says M. About, "his title of irresponsible curator and administrator of the patrimony of the Catholic Church? Never. Is the management of affairs exclusively reserved to prelates? Of right, no; in fact, yes. Are the different powers still practicably confounded? More than ever, the governor of the towns continue to judge, the bishops to administer. Has the Pope in any degree abated his infallible pretensions? In nothing. Has he given up his right of quashing the sentences of the Courts of Appeal? Not at all. Is the Cardinal Secretary of State no longer the reigning minister? He reigns, and the other ministers are his lackeys rather than his coadjutors; you will meet them in the morning in his antechamber. Is there a council of ministers? Yes, when the ministers come to take the orders of the Cardinal. Is the conduct of the public finances made public? No. Does the nation vote the taxes, or does she suffer them to be taken from her? Just as in the past. Are the municipal liberties extended? Less than in 1816. To-day, as in the palmiest times of the Pontifical despotism, the Pope is all; he has all, and can do all; he exercises, without control and without check, a perpetual dictatorship."

Two chapters are devoted to Pius IX., the reigning Pontiff, and to his all-powerful minister, Cardinal Antonelli—"Le Pape blanc" and "Le Pape rouge." Old age, dignity, private virtues, and misfortunes lend a factitious lustre to the character of Pius, which induces many to forget how terribly false he has been to his duties as sovereign of the Roman people. He began his reign as a reformer, and afterwards fled from and betrayed the people

whose aspirations after liberty and reform he had himself encouraged. On two occasions, he was false to his sacred engagements; and, on his return to Rome, where he now reigns by the grace of French bayonets, he restored the Inquisition whose destruction had been decreed by the Republicans, and fettered the press which they had enfranchised.* He called upon Catholic Europe to come to his assistance when deposed by his oppressed and indignant subjects, and thus brought the Spaniards, Neapolitans, French, and Austrians in arms against his country. M. About admits his exemplary private life, and his disinterestedness in regard to his own family, which he has never attempted to enrich, like the majority of Popes, at the expense of the State. The members of the secret societies impute to him all the misfortunes and bondage of Italy. It is certain that the Italian question would have been greatly simplified had there not been a Pope at Rome; but the hatred of the Mazzinists against Pius personally is to be condemned. They would inevitably kill him, were he not protected by French soldiers. That murder would be as unjustifiable and not less useless than that of Louis XVI. The guillotine would take the life of a good old man; it would not destroy the evil principle of the sacerdotal monarchy.

But if M. About deals tenderly with the age and feebleness of Pius, he pours the vials of his wrath on the head of his unscrupulous and unpopular minister, the Cardinal-Secretary Antonelli. He was born, he tells us, in the thieves' quarter of the Papal States—the village of Sinnino—more celebrated in the history of crime than all Arcadia in the annals of virtue.† This village was the capital of the brigands, among whom, in 1806, was born Jaques Antonelli, now prime minister of the Pontifical States. He was educated at the grand seminary of Rome, but he has never taken priest's orders. He has never said mass nor confessed any one; nay, it is even doubtful whether he has ever gone to confession himself; but he obtained the friendship of Gregory XVI., which was more useful to him than the possession of all the cardinal virtues. He became prelate, magistrate, prefect, secretary, General of the Interior, and Minister of Finance; and

* In this he but followed the example of his predecessor, Gregory XVI., who, in his evangelical letter of August, 1832, affirms that it is eminently injurious to the Church, and utterly absurd, that anyone should assert that some improvement and regeneration is necessary for her conservation and increase; and warns all such persons that the right of pronouncing upon the ancient rules belongs to the Pope alone. In the same letter, the liberty of the press and of thought are stigmatized as a fatal thing, which cannot be held in too much horror.

† For an interesting account of Sinnino and of brigandage in Italy, see "Léopold Robert, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et sa Correspondance," par M. F. Feuillet de Conches. Appendix No V.

the stupidest finance-minister in the Papal States makes more money in six months than all the brigands of Sinnino in twenty years. Under Gregory, Antonelli had been reactionary, to render himself agreeable to that pontiff; but, on the accession of Pius, he, for the same reason, professed liberal opinions. A cardinal's hat and a portfolio were the rewards of his new convictions. What a lesson for the inhabitants of Sinnino! One of their number driving in his carriage in front of the barracks, and the soldiers presenting arms instead of shooting him down! He soon obtained boundless influence over Pius, who had no secrets from him, especially after his exile at Gaëta. As President of the Council of State, he proposed reforms, which, as minister, he postponed; and no one was more active, first in preparing, and afterwards in violating, the Constitution of 1848. Since the restoration of the Pope, Antonelli has had the whole power of the State in his hands, and he enjoys the esteem and confidence of the Austrians, the chief upholders of the Pontificate and the sworn enemies of Italian liberty. He hinders intercourse between Pius and his subjects, shuts his ears against all liberal ideas, all projects of reform, and clings to power, careless of the future, abusing the present hour, and every day augmenting his fortune *à la mode de Sinnino*. Here is his portrait sketched by a master hand. "In 1859, he is fifty-three years old. He has preserved the appearance of youth. His person is strong and elegant, and his health that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brightness of his eyes, his aquiline nose, and the dignity of his whole appearance, inspire a certain astonishment. There is a glance of intelligence upon that swarthy and somewhat Moorish visage. But his heavy jaw, his long teeth, his thick lips, express the grossest appetites. He is a minister engrafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope in the ceremonies of the Holy Week, his disdain and impertinence are magnificent. He turns himself from time to time towards the diplomatic bench, and looks gravely at those poor ambassadors whom he mocks from morning till night: you admire the actor who braves his public. But, when he stops, in a drawing room, near a pretty woman, when, standing quite close to her, he glances at her shoulders, and darts his eyes into her bosom, you recognize the man of the woods, and think, with a shudder, of post-chaises overturned by the side of the road." This amicable minister, M. About tells us, is universally detested; his private character is profligate, and he has amassed immense wealth. A Roman prince who had furnished the author with a list of the revenues of the Roman nobility, said to him, "You observe two families whose wealth is indicated by points: it is infinite. The one is the family Torlonia,

the other the family Antonelli. Both have made a fortune in a few years, the first by speculation, the second by power." Antonelli has four brothers, all of whom he has created counts, making one Governor of the Bank, another Director of the Mint de Piété, a third Conservator of Rome, and giving to the fourth valuable commercial monopolies. Besides this, he has placed his cousin Count Dandini at the head of the police. But this all-powerful cardinal-secretary has one great fear and weakness, unworthy of the descendant of the brigands and assassins of Sinnino. He fears death exceedingly, and takes assiduous precautions against it. A comparison has been made between Antonelli and Mazarin, who, like him, was born among the mountains of Sinnino; and, in some points, it hold good. Both loved money, had a wholesome fear of death, and governed without scruple. "However," says M. About, "it would be injustice to place them on the same level. The selfish Mazarin dictated to Europe the treaties of Westphalia and the Peace of the Pyrenees; he founded by his diplomacy the greatness of Louis XIV., and transacted the affairs of the French monarchy without, however, neglecting his own. Antonelli has made his fortune by the injury of the nation, the Pope, and the Church. We may compare Mazarin to an excellent but rascally tailor, who dresses his customers well after having taken some ells of cloth for himself; whilst Antonelli resembles those Jews of the middle ages who demolished the Colosseum in order to take the iron used in the mason work."

An interesting chapter in M. About's volume has for its title "The Government of the Priests." The Pope, being a temporal king, naturally chooses his court and ministers from among those of his own faith, his own way of thinking, and his own profession. Hence the obnoxious priestly government of Rome; and you may as well preach in the desert as preach secularization to the Pope. Laymen are systematically postponed to the clergy; a colonel in the army ranks below a sub-deacon. There are, it is true, 14,576 lay functionaries in the Papal service in employments of all kinds, particularly as gardes-champêtres. But they get merely the crumbs of power. All the ministers, all the prefects, all the ambassadors, all the dignitaries of the court, and all the judges of the superior tribunals are ecclesiastics. Yes, the Most Holy Auditor, the Secretary of Briefs and Memorials, the presidents and vice-presidents of the Council of State, and of the Council of Finances, the Director-General of Police, the Director of Public Health, and of the Prisons, the Attorney-General of the Revenue, the president and the secretary of the Tribunal for the Assessment of Landed Property, the president of the Commis-

sion of Agriculture, are all ecclesiastics. The public education is in the hands of ecclesiastics, under the dignified superintendence of thirteen Cardinals. All the benevolent institutions, all the goods of the poor, are the patrimony of the ecclesiastical directors. The Congregation of Cardinals judge of processes at their spare moments, and the bishops of the realm are so many living tribunals. No wonder, then, that three millions of laymen find it difficult to submit to a government so constituted. The Church is the only road to preferment, and hundreds of young men with no vocation for it are constantly forced into its pale by the ambition or necessities of their families.* "An ambitious man with his projects overthrown," says M. About, "kills himself at Paris; at Rome he marries."

The admirers of Papacy have often asserted that, although it is nominally a despotism, it is so gently administered as to make it so only in name. We would recommend those who have been misled by such statements, to peruse M. About's chapter entitled "*Rigueurs politiques*." We need not go back to the time of Sextus V., who, when Pope, hanged one of the Pepoli of Bologna because he had given him a kick, instead of a morsel of bread, when he was a mendicant monk; or even to those of Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pius, who granted a minor a dispensation of nonage in order that he might be able to execute him,—we have only to look to Cardinal Antonelli, who has revived in our own days the punishment of the rack. At this moment there are a great number of individuals in the Papal States subjected to what is called *precetto*; some of them are malefactors, who are confined to their own abodes for want of room in the prisons, and others are persons who have fallen under the suspicion of the Government. In the little town of Viento, numbering 14,000 inhabitants, there are 200 persons thus placed under the surveillance of the police. It is as difficult to procure a passport as under the oppressive *régime* of the Austrians in Lombardy. A friend of the author's, rich, active, and enterprising, and engaged besides in a branch of industry very profitable to the State, has for nine years in vain solicited permission to travel; while to those who apply for passports to Piedmont, the reply of the authorities

* "No words can convey the zeal with which parents urge their sons into clerical life, as a profession affording unbounded means of gaining money. The strongest incentives to ambition are applied, and the most artful representations made to entangle them in the net by every temptation. If such means fail, cruel persecutions are resorted to, involving bodily and mental torture; the young heart is wrung by the basest suggestions to induce obedience, and if these engines fail to goad the children to yield, the parents do not hesitate to abuse their authority, by exercising force to compel them to the altar."—*Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest*, by Luigi Bianchi.

is—"Go there, but never return!" The prisons of the Pontifical States are of two kinds, healthy and unhealthy; in the latter, perpetual imprisonment does not last very long. The French, on entering Rome, published an amnesty, and have always refused to act as the Pope's police or executioners;* but it has been far otherwise with the Austrians, who held the Legations till driven out by the recent successes of the French and Sardinian arms. On their side of the Apennines, martial law prevailed; the accused had no defender, was judged by Austrian officers, and executed by soldiers. In seven years there were 60 executions at Ancona, and 180 at Bologna. It was not the Pope who signed the sentences; only the Austrians brought him from time to time a man whom they had shot, as a gamekeeper brings to the proprietor a fox killed in his woods.

M. About has already told us that you may cut a throat, but you must not complain of an abuse in the Pontifical States; and one of the darkest shades in his picture of Rome is the impunity accorded to real crimes. In proportion to their population, the Roman States are more fertile in crimes than any country in Europe, certainly a strong fact against the temporal government of priests. "The Papacy," says our author, "has its roots in heaven, and not on earth. It is not the Italians who demand a Pope, it is God who chooses him, the Cardinals who name him, diplomacy which maintains him, and the French army which imposes him on the people. The Sovereign Pontiff and his staff form a foreign body introduced into Italy like a thorn into the foot of a woodcutter. The three millions of men who inhabit his States are destined by Europe to defray the expense of his court. It is they whom we have given to the Pope; it is not to them that the Pope has been given." The first duty of the Pope is to say mass at St. Peter's for the 139,000,000 of Catholics, the second to bear his triple crown with dignity; and the quarrels of his subjects, so long as they attack neither the Church nor the Government, are a very trivial consideration. It is from this point of view that we must examine the apportionment of punishments in the Pontifical States. The most unpardonable crimes in the eyes of the clergy are those which offend the *priests* of God. Rome punishes ecclesiastical sins. The tribunal of the Vicar of Christ sends a blasphemer to the galleys, or throws into prison the imbecile who refuses to communicate at Easter. Shall it be said that the head of the Church does not do his duty? But the crimes which the natives commit against each

* Luigi Bianchi, a defender of Rome, and no lover of the French, bears testimony to these facts.

other affect only indirectly the Pope and the Cardinals. What does it matter to the successors of the Apostles, that the workmen and the peasants cut each others' throats on Sundays after vespers? Enough will always remain to pay the taxes. The Roman people have a bad habit of frequenting taverns and quarreling over their drink; and the inhabitants of the Campagna in this respect follow their example. Justice is slow, dear, and venal. The knife cuts short all disputes. "Jaques falls, he is wrong; Nicolas runs off, he is right. This little drama is rehearsed more than four times a day in the Pontifical States, according to the statistics of 1853. It is a great evil for the country, and also a serious danger for Europe. The school of the knife, founded at Rome, establishes branch schools in foreign countries. We have seen the most sacred interests of civilization placed under the knife, and all honest men in the universe have trembled, not excepting the Pope." A few examples of severe and righteous punishment are all that are required to put a stop to this flagrant crime, but these the Papal Government does not choose to make. The assassins of the tavern are not the enemies of Government. The police, indeed, pursue these scoundrels, but they have innumerable means of escape: if they arrive on the banks of a river, the pursuit is stopped, in case they should fall into the water and die without confession; if they lay hold of the robe of a Capuchin, they are saved; if they enter a church, a convent, or a hospital, they are saved; if they put their foot on an ecclesiastical domain, or the property of a clergyman, they are saved. The Pope will not utter a word to repress that abuse of asylum which is a permanent insult to civilization; he preserves it carefully, in order to show that the privileges of the Church are superior to the interests of humanity. As with assassination, so with theft, brigandage, embezzlement, and a variety of other crimes which flourish in the congenial climate of the Papal States.

But it does not at all follow from this, that toleration is either practised or understood at Rome.

"You'd better walk about begirt with briers,
 Instead of coat and small-clothes, than put on
 A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
 Although you swore it only was in fun; —
 They'd hand you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
 Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
 Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble
 That boiled your bones, unless you paid them double."

These lines of Byron contain the gist of M. About's chapter on Toleration, which well deserves an attentive perusal, especially

that part of it narrating the horrible tyranny to which the Jews who are so unfortunate as to live in the Roman States are still subjected.

As might be expected, public education is more neglected in the Papal States than in any country of Europe. A nation the most richly endowed by the grace of God is, at the same time, the most illiterate by the will of the priests. They find the development of public ignorance agreeable to the principles of their Church, and favourable to the maintenance of the State. Elementary and secondary schools are thinly sprinkled throughout the country; and a father must send his children to Piedmont if he wishes them to learn much beyond their Catechism. But it must be remembered that the other sovereigns of Europe who strive to instruct their subjects, and even compel them to receive instruction, are laymen, married men, fathers of families, personally interested in the education of children and the future of nations. Not so the Pope. He does not study, like other princes, the temporal advancement of his subjects, and the results may be seen in the Papal States. Begging is almost a national institution. Mendicancy, which mere mundane sovereigns strive to cure as a plague, is cultivated like a flower in clerical states. "One evening, between nine and ten o'clock," says M. About, "I begged along all the length of the Corso. I was not disguised as a mendicant; I was dressed as one is on a Parisian boulevard. However, from the Piazza del Popolo to the Palace of Venice, I made three francs thirty-five centimes. Had I tried the same pleasantries in Paris, I should have been taken to the police-office. The Pontifical Government encourages begging by the protection of its agents, and counsels it by the example of its monks: it does its duty."

Prostitution* as well as beggary flourishes in Rome and in all the great towns of the Pontifical States. The police is too paternal to refuse the consolations of the flesh to three millions of persons, of whom 5000 or 6000 have taken the vows of celibacy. The Papal Lottery is a great State institution at Rome; and teaches those who gamble in it a salutary lesson. The winners thank God for his munificence, and the losers are punished for having coveted temporal riches; a great profit for every one, and especially for the Government, which draws 2,000,000 francs a year from it, without reckoning the satisfaction of duty discharged. But, with all the patronage accorded to ignorance, and all the intolerance shown to heterodoxy, infidelity is not unknown even

* It seems a vice of old standing under the Papal Government. Hutten makes repeated allusions to it in his "Trias Romana."

in the Roman States.* The priestly yoke presses too heavily to make the people love the God of their masters. "A lad of Rinsini," says M. About, "who drove me to San Marino, has impressed on my memory a terrible sentence which often recurs to my thoughts. 'God?' said he to me. 'I well believe that if there is one, he is a priest like the rest.' Friend reader, reflect on this blackguardism. When I look at it closely, I recoil with terror as from these crevasses of Vesuvius which reveal the gulf beneath."

M. About's 17th chapter is devoted to the consideration of the foreign occupation of Rome. The Pope is loved and venerated in all Catholic states except his own, and it was therefore just and natural for the 139,000,000 of Catholics to lend him their assistance against the 3,000,000 of malcontents who drove him out, and to continue that assistance, unless they wish to have the work of restoration to go over every year. Such is the principle of the foreign occupation. "We are," says the author, "139,000,000 of Catholics who have forced upon 3,000,000 of Italians the honour of supporting and lodging our spiritual chief. If we did not leave in Italy a respectable army to overlook the execution of our will, we should be doing only the half of our duty." Pius called the Roman Catholic powers to his assistance in 1848; Austria, France, and Spain answered his appeal. The first reduced and occupied the places on the Adriatic, the second besieged and took Rome, the third did nothing, for the others had left her nothing to do. Napoleon III., we are told, had various and complicated motives for the occupation of Rome. He believed it necessary—though perhaps he no longer does so—for the good of Europe, and besides, he wished to show himself the champion of order; but he was also anxious to reform abuses, and introduced the Code Napoléon. In his famous letter to Edgar Ney, of 18th August, 1849, which was truly a memorandum addressed to the Pope, he promised the Romans, in exchange for their republic, amnesty,† secularism, the Code Napoléon, and a

* "In Rome," says Luigi Bianchi, "I assert, the clergy are generally infidels, and I can bring positive proof of my assertion; for the reverence paid to the Church, which induces a blind obedience to the ordinances of her head, and a respect for his person, is not to be found among the clergy at Rome; on the contrary, irreligion and infidelity prevail among them." Afterwards he states, that he found all his superiors, whom he consulted on some religious difficulties, disbelievers of the dogma of Papal infallibility. ("Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest.")

† Even the amnesty proclaimed by General Oudinot on entering Rome was a sham, for it excluded the priests, many of whom had taken part in the formation of the republic, and had afterwards assisted in the defence of Rome. (See "Incidents in the Life of an Italian Priest.")

liberal government. Not one of which things, according to M. About's own showing, have the Romans yet received. His excuse is, that it is more difficult to introduce a Brequet spring into a watch of the time of Henry IV., than reform into the antiquated pontifical machine; but why then promise what could not be performed? It is a far more intelligible motive for the French occupation of Rome, to suppose that they came forward when called upon by the Pope, in order to be beforehand with the Austrians and prevent them from acquiring, by the possession of the Eternal City, absolute power over the whole Italian peninsula. M. About contrasts the good conduct of the French during their occupation of Rome with the tyranny of the Austrians in the Legations; and, though he probably exaggerates the forbearance of the one and the cruelty of the others, we can easily believe, from the oppression of the Austrians in Lombardy, that their base and brutalizing despotism was far more felt by the Italians of Bologna and Ancona, than the comparatively enlightened and progressive absolutism of the French, by their fellow countrymen in Rome. "However," he says, "I acknowledge, with a certain degree of confusion, that the conduct of the Austrians is more logical than ours. They have come into the Papal States intending to remain there; they neglect nothing in order to assure their conquest. They decimate the population in order to make themselves feared. They perpetuate disorder, in order that their presence may be always necessary. Disorder and fear are the best arms of the Austrians. As to us, here is what we have done. In the interest of France—nothing: in the interest of the Pope—very little: in the interest of the Italian nation—less still." He then goes on to say that the French have been constantly urging reforms upon the Pope during nine consecutive years, while he has steadily kept on retrograding instead of advancing." Our persistency has at last become disagreeable to him, and he would far prefer the Austrians, who never speak of liberty." We cannot help thinking, however, that the less M. About talks about liberty the better. Austrian despotism is brutal and crushing, degrading to the dignity of man, and fatal to the progress of enlightenment; but the absolutism of the present ruler of the French nation is as complete as that of the Austrian emperor, and some of his methods of maintaining his power are thoroughly unscrupulous. Has M. About ever heard of a process much in favour with the government of Napoleon III., and known in France as "Internement"? As it may be new to most of our readers, we shall briefly explain it. A doctor, lawyer, or merchant—at Marseilles, for example—is unlucky enough to incur the suspicion of the authorities, and an official is sent to him to inti-

mate that he is believed to be disaffected, and to request—that is to order—him to transfer his business to Paris or Bordeaux. He has no resource but to obey, to break up his connections, ruin his business, impoverish his family. A man thus treated is said to be “Interné;” and we were recently informed by an accomplished French writer, that several thousand Frenchmen have been thus “internés” since the accession of the present emperor.

M. About points out, in a subsequent chapter, that, as the Papal government at present subsists, it is impossible for it to have good soldiers. The officers have no recognized rank, no position in the state, as in other European countries; besides which, they are badly paid, and the meanest member of the clerical caste ranks above them. The three closing chapters are occupied by the consideration of material interests, finance, and the author’s conclusions upon the Roman Question. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, are the three great sources of the wealth of states—the three things that ought to be encouraged by every wise government: they are all neglected by that of Rome. The capital itself is the least commercial and the least manufacturing town in the Pontifical States, and its environs resemble a desert. Manufactures are everywhere checked by the number of privileged monopolists, and commerce by the want of good roads, and the consequent cost of the transport of merchandize. The monks resist a railway passing through their property as they would the devil himself, and the budget of public works is wasted on the building and repair of churches and basilicas, of which there are already more than enough. One recently constructed on the road to Ostia has cost 12,000,000 of francs, and is still only half finished. The enormous taxes discourage agriculture. According to an able writer,* the rural properties in the commune of Bologna pay 160 francs of taxation upon every 100 francs of rent. The Government is not content with absorbing the revenue, it also encroaches on the capital, of its subjects. In 1855, when the vines everywhere failed, the lay sovereigns of Europe universally exerted themselves to assist the unfortunate proprietors, whereas Cardinal Antonelli took advantage of the occasion to impose a tax upon the vines of 1,862,500 francs. He and his infallible master forgot that saying of a Roman emperor, “The good shepherd ought to shear his sheep, and not to flay them.” Our limits do not permit us to enter upon the question of the culture and improvement of the Campagna, which M. About thinks, by a proper application and encouragement of industry, might not only be gradually freed

* “La Dette publique des Etats Romain, par le Marquis J. N. Papole.” Turin : 1858.

from malaria, but also be made a source of great wealth to the state; of this, however, he has no hopes, from the efforts of the Papal government. "It suffices to say," he tells us, "that the subjects of the Pope will be as rich and as happy as any people in Europe, as soon as they shall be no longer governed by a pope." On the subject of the Pontifical finances, M. About furnishes us with some curious and startling details. A budget of 70,000,000 is levied annually upon 3,000,000 of inhabitants, and in such a manner that the heaviest burden of taxation falls upon the most useful and industrious class—the small proprietors. The province of Bologna is the most heavily taxed. It contains a population of 370,107 persons, and yet its proprietors pay 60,000 francs a year more to the Pope than those of the populous and wealthy province of Milan pay to the Austrian government. The public burdens are more insupportable under the present Pope than they have ever yet been. The taxes of the province of Bologna have been more than doubled between 1846 and 1858. The cost of collection, too, is enormous. In England it is 8 per cent.; in France, 14; in Piedmont, 16; while in the Pontifical States it reaches the enormous proportion of 31 per cent. ! Twenty-five millions of the revenue go to pay the interest of the large and constantly-increasing national debt; 10,000,000 are swallowed up by the army; 3,000,000 are devoted to the repair and construction of prisons; 2,000,000 to the administration of justice; 2,500,000 to public works; 1,500,000 to the encouragement of idleness and mendicity in Rome! while only 400,000 are devoted to public instruction!

We now come to M. About's conclusion. If we approve of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, he tells us, we must praise everything, even the conduct of Cardinal Antonelli. If the enormities of the Papal Government revolt us, it is against the ecclesiastical monarchy that we must arise. He considers, however, that there is no hope in the present state of Europe of carrying out the grand remedy—the total abolition of the temporal power of the Pope; and we must look to some more limited plan of reform. In 1814, Count Aldini, in 1831, Rossi, and in 1855, Count de Cavour—believing it impossible to restrict the authority of the Pope in the kingdom abandoned to him—proposed to Europe to remedy the evil by reducing the extent of the States of the Church. The following remarks from M. About upon this proposal conclude his suggestive and brilliant volume. "Nothing is more just, more natural, and more easy, than to liberate the Adriatic provinces, and to inclose the Papal despotism between the Mediterranean and the Apennines. I have shown you that the towns of Ferrara, Ravenna, Bologna, Rimini, Ancona, are the most important of the Papal yoke, and the most worthy

of liberty: set them free. To effect this miracle, it needs but a stroke of the pen, and the eagle quill which signed the Treaty of Paris is still cut. There would remain to the Pope 1,000,000 of subjects and 3,000,000 of acres; the whole uncultivated enough, I confess: but perhaps the diminution of his revenue would force him to administer his possessions better, and to turn his resources to better profit. He would do one of two things: either he would follow in the path of good governments, and the condition of his subjects would become supportable; or he would harden himself in the errors of his predecessors, and the Mediterranean provinces would claim independence in their turn. At the worst, and to conclude, the Pope would always preserve the City of Rome, his palaces, his temples, his cardinals, his prelates, his priests, his monks, his princes and his lackeys. Europe would alimant this little colony. Rome, surrounded by the respect of the universe as by a wall of China, would be, so to speak, a foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy, which would suffer from it neither more nor less than a veteran suffers from a ball forgotten by the surgeon. But the Pope and the cardinals—will they easily resign themselves to be only ministers of religion? Will they readily renounce their political influence? Will they one day lose the habit of interfering in our affairs, of arming princes against one another, and of quietly exciting subjects to rebel against their sovereigns? I doubt it. But princes also will use the rights of lawful defence. They will read history. They will see that the strong governments have been those who have kept religion within its proper sphere; that the Roman senate did not accord to Carthaginian priests the privilege of preaching in Italy; that the Queen of England and the Emperor of Russia are the heads of the English and Russian Churches, and that Paris ought legally to be the sovereign metropolis of the Churches of France."

III.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THERE is probably no instance in the history of invention of an art having reached so rapidly a high state of development as that afforded by the progress of photography. The probability is that of those who may chance to read these lines, by far the greater number, if they do not recollect the first announcement that pictures could be drawn by light, remember perfectly well when photography *was not*. If photography could be extinguished now, not only would a great number of ingenious ladies and gentlemen be sadly inconvenienced for lack of occupation, but hundreds of persons would be reduced from affluence to distress, while the number of those who would be made beggars, by the loss of employment to highly-skilled workmen, must be counted by tens of thousands. Few persons, not actually behind the scenes, have any idea of the amount of trade now done in this country—and rapidly increasing—in photographic apparatus, chemicals, and productions. We could name half a dozen large print shops in London which have now practically ceased to deal in anything but photographic pictures. The business done in the manufacture of collodion, nitrate of silver, cyanide of potassium, hyposulphite of soda, and other chemicals indispensable to the photographer, is literally enormous. The demand for alcohol has increased so much as to have introduced positively a new element of complaint into the objections urged against the heavy tax to which the manufacture of spirits is subjected. In the manufacture of glass, a new branch of industry has been created. The qualities required by the photographer are very special, and the business is practically confined to one or two of the leading houses; but the demand upon them is immense, and has called for the erection of new glass-houses, on the most extensive scale, and for the establishment of entirely new departments to attend to this class of business only. The manufacture of lenses has been similarly stimulated, and the demand for fine cabinet-work is so pressing, that probably half as many more cabinet-makers than at present exist could be taken on without inconvenience. It may readily be conceived, therefore, that the number of persons dabbling or seriously engaged in photography must be prodigious, and yet the art, as of general application, is scarcely ten or twelve years old.

If we compare the first rudimentary productions of the Talbotype or Daguerreotype processes—the wrinkled brows, huge mouths, fixed and aching eyes, distorted features and general ugliness of

the earlier portraits—with the exquisite results of the best photographic artists of the present day, the progress of the art will appear not less remarkable. Every one remembers how he used to look at a “likeness” (comparatively so called), taken by a daguerreotypist of fifteen years ago—how he had to turn it and twist it about, to walk about the room and “dodge” the light before he could see anything at all, and then how sorry he was that he *could* see anything. No wonder that young ladies were loth to give their portraits to their admirers, or that ladies of a certain age refused to give them to anyone. The only consolation one had was to think that in all probability they would fade away and be entirely obliterated in a very short time. There is certainly no lack of villainous photographs at the present day; we have only to walk down any of the main thoroughfares in London to find a photographer established in the house in the street that no one else will take—the house which has been for years in Chancery, or of which the last tenant murdered his wife and children and then cut his own throat,—who will do his best to re-enact, in respect of “the human face divine,” atrocities that are scarcely surpassed by the horrors of Chancery, or by the brutality of a wife-slayer. But, on the other hand, something like absolute perfection in portraits is certainly attained by the highest class of photographic artists. If we were called upon to particularize the most beautiful specimens of photographic portraits to be seen in London, we should point to those exhibited in the windows of the *Illustrated News of the World*, and from which the remarkable series of engraved likenesses published with that newspaper have been taken. It is quite true that these photographs have been laboriously stippled up by excellent artists; but it is equally true that without the aid of photography any approach to the correctness of outline, feature, and proportions here attained would have been utterly impossible.

The contrast between the earlier and the later achievements of photography is not more marked in the department of portraiture than of landscape. We never hear now, except from some artistic *obstructive*, the vehement tirades against landscape photography which used to be indulged in by every one who had, or wished to think he had, artistic taste and knowledge, and for which the most ardent defender of photography could not but admit that there was too much foundation in fact. The harsh contrasts of light and shade, the ugly brick-dust tint, the blurred foliage, the hazy distance, and the absence of aerial perspective of the earlier light-pictures, are rapidly disappearing with the use of better lenses, apparatus, new processes, and immensely more sensitive chemical surfaces, and the accuracy of the eye, to which

photography is gradually educating all classes of the public, has begun to react upon the region of art, in the old restricted sense of the term, and has extorted from the painter largely increased fidelity to nature. Even the fleeting shapes and changeful aspects of the clouds are now compelled to register themselves on the delicately sensitive medium employed by the photographer, and the artist may have an opportunity of studying at his leisure their most transient phases, such as he could never hope to obtain by any other means.

There was a higher triumph still to be achieved, however, by the united aid of photography and optical discovery; namely, the reproducing, by means of pictorial representations, the solidity and perspective of nature. Those faithful witnesses, the eyes, notwithstanding their accuracy, sometimes play us strange tricks. If we shut one eye and look at a scene in nature with which we are not previously familiar, however accurate may be our general capacity for estimating distances, we shall be sorely puzzled. We shall find ourselves quite at a loss to tell how far off a given object may be, or whether it is separated from the next object behind it by a score of yards or by a quarter of a mile; and the general effect is an approach to seeing the landscape as a flat picture. If, on the other hand, we want to do justice to the work of an artist, what do we do? We shut one eye, roll up our catalogue into a tube, gaze through it on Jones's picture, and declare that it stands out with all the relief of nature. A satyr, in whom the philosophical instinct was sufficiently developed to enable him to take cognizance of such matters, but who did not fathom the mystery, would certainly turn us out of doors as being guilty of a far more grievous inconsistency than the unhappy traveller who breathed upon his hands to warm them, and blew upon his porridge to cool it. Give us, however, a stereoscopic picture to look at, and we instantly avail ourselves of our full allowance of eyes, being fully aware that with one only we shall get little if any effect of relief.

The fact is, that when we do what we ordinarily call *seeing* a landscape, or a picture, or an object of any kind, we perform a compound operation. By the marvelous mechanism of the eye, a picture is formed upon the retina; but that is not enough. Look into the eye of a baby of a few weeks or months old; the picture is as perfect, and the organ as faithfully receives and records the visual image, as in the case of a full-grown man: but the child has no notion of relative distances; he will put his hand beyond the object he wants to grasp, will seriously attempt to lay hold of the moon, and, could he take in the idea, would have no difficulty in believing that the green cheese of which it was made was

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perfectly available for the supply of his own wants. The process by which he learns to discriminate between objects at different distances is very long and very slow; it is, in fact, a regular process of *education*, greatly aided by the sense of touch, which is constantly exercised to tell the child what certain combinations of outlines and shadings pictured on the retina really mean. The man performs at once—and apparently, but only in appearance—as one, two distinct operations. He receives the visual image, and from the results of long experience and training, interprets, at once and correctly, what the visual image means. That this is so, needs scarcely more proof than the difficulty experienced by every man when placed amongst scenery of a different kind to that to which he has been accustomed, in forming any tolerably accurate estimate of distances. Landsmen are in the habit of saying that water is very deceptive as to distance; the sailor does not think so. We can testify from ample experience that it takes a long apprenticeship to the ice-world to enable the most accurate observers to judge whether a particular point for which they are making will be reached in half an hour, or in an hour and a half. Of course, where the size of the distant object is already accurately conceived by antecedent knowledge or experience, or where the indistinctness of its outline is such as experience also tells us indicates a considerable distance, the difficulty is much diminished; but in a clear transparent atmosphere, where even distant objects are sharply defined, and in scenes where we have no means of knowing beforehand the actual size of the objects we behold,—or, to speak more correctly, are unable to reduce them to comparison with some standard present, consciously or unconsciously, to the mind—we lose the benefit of previous education, and soon find out that the eye will not serve us, without the help of the mind, any more than the mind without the help of the eye.

Now, in forming the conception of solidity and of relative distances, the mind depends in great measure upon a source of information upon which we have not yet touched—namely, upon the difference between the picture thrown on the retina of the right eye and that thrown on the left. A volume of Macaulay's "Essays," closely bound, with a rounded back, stands on the table before us; closing the right eye, we see with the left "M," of Macaulay, plain enough on its back; it happens so to stand, that if we close the left eye and look at it with the right eye only, we can barely see one stroke of the "M." It is quite clear, therefore, that we do really see with the two eyes two distinct pictures, that given by each eye embracing rather more in one direction and rather less in the other, than the image rendered by its fellow. We depend—in a very great degree with some objects, in a lesser

degree with all—on the combination of these *two* images for our notions of the actual forms and relative distances of things. Take the pen with which you are writing, away from the paper: shield it from the light so that no tell-tale shadow is cast by it—shut one eye, and we defy you to say whether the pen is an inch or a line from the paper. A lamp stands upon a side-table as we write, with a glass globe encircling its chimney. It is an old acquaintance—not exactly a “friend of forty years” perhaps—but still very familiar, and we have a pretty accurate mental impression of its portly aspect to fall back upon; but as we place it in a light falling upon its surface with tolerable uniformity, and look at it with one eye through a roll of paper just narrow enough to shut out its bounding line, we cannot for the life of us say, upon the view, whether the surface is round or flat: but give us the other eye to help us, and we instantly recognize its true form. Now why is it, that when we want to admire the magnificent perspective and relief of Jones’s work, we industriously shut one eye, and confine our gaze to the canvas itself, apart from the frame? It is because it suits us voluntarily to abandon *one* source of information, which would be sure to tell us with too unsparing fidelity that it was only a flat surface after all; so we give the go-by to this inconveniently truthful monitor, and look at the great artist’s work with one eye only. The imagination is now free from the trammels of too much knowledge, and the mind transports us, with more or less facility, to the scene the painter has rendered, without the risk of being called back again by the matter-of-fact appeal made to us by the second eye. It is from the same desire to prevent interference with the play of imagination that we so carefully exclude the frame. Though the scene be one of oriental richness, the idea we wish to cherish would be sadly discomposed by our being called upon to fancy also that the sparkling streams and the orange groves, beneath which the enamoured damsel is disconsolately brooding over her soft sorrows, were really set in a gorgeous frame of gilded oak or plaster of Paris. With the stereoscope, on the other hand, we endeavour to reproduce, in some degree, the conditions under which we behold the scenes of nature; and we present to each eye a different picture. The right eye looks at the picture taken with the camera planted at one spot, the left eye at the picture taken with the camera shifted to the left of its former position. Thus an approach to the conditions of the actual vision of the scene represented is secured; the mind is required, as in looking at the actual object, to combine two different pictures, and it has far less difficulty in arriving at the conception of the solidity and of the differing distances of the objects portrayed. Now, when we gain our conceptions of the

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true character of a distant scene by the use of the eyes merely, it is obvious that the difference between the two pictures formed upon the two eyes respectively must be very small indeed. The parallax of an object two miles off, seen first at one place and then at another, no farther from it than one eye is from its fellow, must be minute indeed. It is a proof of how admirable is the optical mechanism of the eye, that it is in general quite sufficient to give us a very fair notion of the character of the scenery we are looking at; but we are apt, not unfrequently, to be deceived—and deceived very much—as to the amount of relief possessed by a distant object. A recess on a distant glacier, which we imagine to be trifling, often turns out to be a deep inlet in the mountain chain. If we go still further off, we are quite misled by the eyes. The full moon might well be the “glorious silver shield” to which one of our sweetest poets compares it, for all the unaided sight can tell us: and this bewilderment becomes the greater in proportion to our want of previous and independent knowledge of the objects we are looking at. We need two *sensibly* different pictures to give us the true conception of solidity, rotundity, or relative distance. Hence it is that the photographer, in order to render the illusion more perfect, is in the habit of separating the two positions of his camera by a larger space than that between the two eyes. It is another illustration of the share the *mind* has in forming the conception of the object looked at, that, to a certain limited extent, it corrects this anomaly; and if the two positions of the camera are not more than four or five times the distance of the eyes from one another, no distortion, or no appreciable distortion, ensues, even with near objects. The process, however, is often carried too far: people are fond of seeing the effect of “startling relief;” but the relief is often much greater than in nature. A spherical ball is drawn out into an egg-shaped solid, with the one end pointed towards the spectator, and points of the picture at different distances from the eye are thrown farther apart than they should be. The effect upon the human face and figure is very curious, and very unpleasant, and great bad taste is sometimes shown, in this respect, in stereoscopic portraiture. With distant objects, however, we may often, by the aid of the stereoscope, get a much correcter notion of their true relative positions than we can by the unassisted eyes. Some of the best stereoscopic pictures of distant Alpine scenes are marvelously successful in bringing home to the mind the true amount of relief and indentation of the mountain ranges and recesses they represent; and we may get in this way very accurate information as to the character of scenery we can never hope to reach. In the case of a distant mountain view, the two positions of the camera would

be many feet apart; but when we come to multiply by hundreds of thousands the figures which express the distance of the object from us, how are we to get sufficient distance between the two stations of our camera, to give us the requisite sensible difference between the pictures received by the two eyes? If we wish, for instance, to test by stereoscopy the actual figure of the moon, how are we to get sufficient *parallax*?

Probably few persons of the thousands who have seen the beautiful stereoscopic portraits of the moon now to be had in London, and who have marveled at her unwonted aspect, appearing no longer as the "silver shield," but in all the full-blown dignity of her true sphericity, have any idea of the amount of mechanical contrivance and astronomical knowledge involved in this remarkable performance. To get a photograph of the moon at all is not so simple a matter as might be supposed. The photographic action of moonlight is so feeble, that despite all the improvements brought to bear by recent research on the preparation of films sensitive to light, an exposure of hours would be needed, under ordinary circumstances, to produce any appreciable result. But the moon is moving quickly through the skies, and anything beyond a momentary exposure, if it produced any effect at all, would give a blurred outline and a hazy picture. It is necessary, therefore, to call in aid the complicated machinery already existing in observatories, by which the telescope is made to follow the motions of the heavenly bodies, so that the moon or other heavenly body being once got into the centre of its field, it remains in the centre as long as may be necessary. A very large telescope will, of course, concentrate and condense very much the light of the moon, and it has been found possible, with the powerful instruments of our best observatories, actually to obtain a photograph of the moon on a prepared glass plate placed in the focus of the eye-piece in *eighteen or nineteen seconds*! But the stereoscopic difficulty still remains—viz: how to obtain two sensibly different pictures of the moon, which, as everyone knows, has the same side always turned to us. Here the astronomer calls in aid the facts that the rotation of the moon on its axis is not absolutely uniform; so that it is not *absolutely* the same *portion* of the moon that is always turned to us. If a line were drawn from the centre of our globe to the centre of the moon, the combination of the irregularities of the moon's motion and our motion gives the appearance of a slight oscillatory movement towards one side or the other side of this line; thus bringing under our eyes a little more now of the eastern, now of the western hemisphere. Another motion, in virtue of which the axis of the moon sways a little from side to side, causes a similar

slight change in the portions of the northern and southern hemispheres visible from time to time. Now all these little eccentricities are perfectly well known to the astronomer, and are calculated and laid down beforehand with the utmost nicety and precision. All that is necessary, therefore, is to select two periods when the moon is equally near to the full or to the new, and when there is a sufficient amount of difference between the portions exposed to view, and to take one half of the compound stereoscopic picture on each occasion. The result has proved as remarkable as the steps which lead to it are complicated and delicate. Not merely has the rotundity of the moon been brought out as a matter of ocular demonstration, but the irregular character of its surface; its lofty mountains and deep volcanic craters have been so graphically rendered, as probably to dispose of all future controversy as to their nature.

It is to the ingenuity and perseverance of Professor Wheatstone that this beautiful and remarkable discovery is due. The convenient instrument now in common use is not the original application of the principle, but even the ordinary stereoscope was, we believe, first constructed by the same distinguished man. In the first instance, the experiments were almost all made with diagrams, consisting of the outlines of solid figures as seen from different points of view; and some results were obtained illustrating curiously the great part taken by the *mind*, as distinguished from the mere faculty of vision, in producing the effects in question. Some of the most recent investigations in stereoscopy supply additional evidence in support of the same proposition. It has been shown that if a page of print be taken, and the type be slightly altered, so as to throw a letter or a word here and there out of place, by moving it a little to the right or to the left of its former position, and a page be struck off from the altered type, and the two then placed side by side in an ordinary stereoscope, the words or letters which have been displaced in the second page start instantly into high relief. It is obvious here that the effect is a mental one, and that the simple fact of the letters occupying places slightly different in the two pages suggests to the mind the idea of relief, for which there is no foundation in fact. It has been suggested that this phenomenon will supply a means of detecting forged bank-notes. If a forged note and a genuine one of the same date be placed side by side in the stereoscope, the eye will instantly detect the misplacement of a single stroke, or a single water-mark, by the relief into which it will be thrown. It is obvious that, if methods now available be used, and the plate be engraved by photography, the test may fail, so far as the engraved matter of the note is concerned; but as the water-marks cannot be introduced by photo-

graphic agency into the substance of the paper, any deviation in this respect from the pattern of the genuine note will probably be apparent.

What wonders photography in general, or stereoscopy in particular, may yet be destined to achieve, it would be rash to predict; but it is not too much to hope that, considering the short period over which the history of the art as yet extends, and the number of skilful and ingenious minds now engaged in photographic researches, the best productions of the present day will be completely thrown into the shade by those of future years. If photography should ever succeed in the difficult task of copying the colours, as well as of recording the differing amounts of chemical light and shade, of nature, the fancy may safely run riot without the slightest danger of exaggerating the beauty of the results we may look for. Nor will the prospect appear hopeless, when we remember that one French chemist* has already succeeded in obtaining, by photographic means, all the colours of the spectrum, though he has failed in rendering them permanent; and that another,† if he has not actually done that by which the satirist meant to suggest the highest pitch of chimerical insanity, and extracted sunbeams from cucumbers, has at all events shown us how to *bottle up light* in any convenient receptacle,—and, for aught we know, it might perfectly well be stored in a hollow cucumber—and bring it out fresh and fit for use whenever occasion may require.

* M. Becquerel.

† M. Nièpce de St. Victor.

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IV.

HUMAN CALORIC.

WE must be plain with our readers. It will not do to mince matters where questions of science are concerned. Dainty people will, no doubt, object to the proposition we are about to advance. Nevertheless, we persist. Fearless of the consequences—utterly unawed by the hisses which we know will ensue—we proceed to lay down the following assertion: We are all living stoves—walking fire-places—furnaces in the flesh.

The charming Duchess of Devonshire, who made such pleasant havoc amongst the electors of Westminster, in the days of Charles James Fox, by kissing refractory voters, used to declare that the finest compliment she ever received came from the lips of a dustman. Stepping out of her carriage one day, a worthy who belonged to that profession, and who was about to indulge in a little tobacco, caught sight of her sparkling countenance, and exclaimed, "Oh, ma'am, do let me light my pipe at your eyes!"

Now, we do not intend to say that anyone can kindle a cigar, or boil an egg, or even ignite a lucifer-match, at these human hearths. There have been old saints, it is true, whose piety was so ardent, that when, like St. Fechien, they plunged into a bath, the water began to bubble and seethe as if it were passing into a state of excitable ebullition. But we cannot conscientiously indorse a story of this description. Perhaps our bodies may now be in a more secular condition than formerly; certainly they are not capable of rivaling these legendary feats. Still, we repeat, they are stoves—fire-places—furnaces—if those terms can be applied to any apparatus for the express production of caloric.

Let the disgusted reader try a simple experiment. Insert the bulb of a thermometer in the mouth, and the mercury will rise rapidly until it indicates a temperature of about 98° . There it will remain, with little or no variation, however long he may devote himself to this scientific inquiry—that is to say, for a period of about ten minutes—seeing that, according to the best calculations, the tongue is generally wanted at the expiration of this time either for purposes of talking or eating. Meanwhile, the air around may be as cool as you will. Suppose it to be the month of January, when winter is presumed to be reigning in full vigour, and every inanimate object appears to have been drained of its caloric; still the human structure will exhibit a surplus of 66° .

above the freezing point. Why is this? How does it happen that, whilst a bronze statue fluctuates in its temperature with every passing breeze, the living organism maintains its standard heat unimpaired, and preserves a tropical climate within, though the air should be full of frost and the ground enveloped in snow? It is manifest that we must have some power of "brewing" caloric for ourselves.

Now, what is the philosophy of an ordinary fire-place? The oxygen of the atmosphere combines with the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, producing, in the one case, carbonic acid, in the other, water or vapour; and this is done with so much chemical fuss, that heat and flame are largely evolved. But we must not imagine that a great display of light and a lavish discharge of caloric are essential to the operation, any more than an immense "spread" and "splutter" are necessary to constitute a man a genius. The burning of a candle may seem to be a very different thing from the decay of a bit of wood; but, in truth, the latter is little else than a mild and dilatory species of combustion. It is a masked sort of conflagration, in which the oxydation is accomplished without emitting as much sensible heat as would singe the wings of a moth, or as much luminous matter as would gild a pin's head.

Just so in the body. Carbon and hydrogen are perpetually uniting with oxygen. The latter gas, inhaled with every breath, is brought into constant contact with the former elements; and if their combination is attended with calorific results in the open air, why should not similar demonstrations accompany their union in the human interior as far as circumstances will permit?

"But, pray," exclaims the reader, with a strong sense of the indignity which has been put upon him, by converting his person into a fire-place, "how and where is this combustion effected?"

Listen, affronted friend! Your twenty-four pounds of blood are sent to the lungs for aëration at the rate of two ounces for every pulsation. There it takes up a dose of oxygen, of which gas it can absorb one-ninth or one-tenth of its bulk. Passing through the heart, and propelled into the capillaries, it returns to the lungs loaded with carbonic acid. The oxygen has vanished; that is to say, it has picked up sufficient carbon in its route to convert it into the gas which enlivens champagne and soda water, but kills animals in the Grotto del Carre or the Upas Valley of Java. A small portion, it is true, does not come back in this mephitic form, but the missing quantity is supposed to have combined with hydrogen, producing water, which issues as vapour from the lungs, or is turned to account in the system itself. Here then—to say nothing of other combustible elements, such as sulphur and

perhaps phosphorus—we have the unquestionable fact that the oxygen inspired has entered into confederacy with carbon, and consequently as large an amount of heat must have been liberated as if the same transaction had occurred in a grate or a candlestick. It is in the capillary vessels, and therefore in every quarter of the frame, that this process is conducted.

Much has been said, much written, respecting the precise sources of vital caloric. Dr. Black's theory was, that the latent heat of the air—and there is enough in any apartment, were it suddenly struck out, to reduce the occupants to a cinder—was partially made sensible in the lungs, and thus communicated to the visiting blood. Some philosophers have voted for an electro-chemical origin: some have demanded for the nervous force a share at least in the management of our internal thermometer. To the latter hypothesis, indeed, some weight must be allowed. When a man is thrown into a passion—as, for instance, by an unexpected arrest; or a lady is covered with blushes, say by an unexpected offer—is not a sensation of heat suddenly experienced in the countenance? and to what can this be ascribed but a direct intervention of the nervous power? The effect, it is true, is temporary, and it does not follow that the extra caloric is drawn from special sources, because the captive's capillaries have been stung to wrath, or because the maiden's have been flushed with delight. But it has been found by experiment that whatever enfeebles the nervous energy, lessens the development of vital heat. Let the nerves be stupefied by narcotics, paralyzed by injuries done to the spinal cord, severed by the knife, or, still more, destroyed by the decapitation of the animal (for which act a very merciless philosopher is required), and in these cases the temperature is diminished, and in the latter instance totally annihilated, even though respiration should be partially prolonged. Still, whatever influence may be assigned to the nervous power, the fact that oxygen is perpetually entering the body as a constituent of common air, and returning as a constituent of carbonic acid and moisture, compels us to regard it as the chief, though it may not be the exclusive, source of vital caloric. Dulong and Despretz were of opinion that it could not explain the derivation of more than three-fourths of our bodily warmth. Sundry ugly objections have been urged to Dr. Crawford's conclusions as to the difference between the specific capacity of venous and arterial blood. But the great chemical Baron of the day, Liebig, speaks most decidedly on the point: "The combination of a combustible substance with oxygen (says he) is, under all circumstances, the only source of animal heat."

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perhaps phosphorus—we have the unquestionable fact that the oxygen inspired has entered into confederacy with carbon, and consequently as large an amount of heat must have been liberated as if the same transaction had occurred in a grate or a candlestick. It is in the capillary vessels, and therefore in every quarter of the frame, that this process is conducted.

Much has been said, much written, respecting the precise sources of vital caloric. Dr. Black's theory was, that the latent heat of the air—and there is enough in any apartment, were it suddenly struck out, to reduce the occupants to a cinder—was partially made sensible in the lungs, and thus communicated to the visiting blood. Some philosophers have voted for an electro-chemical origin: some have demanded for the nervous force a share at least in the management of our internal thermometer. To the latter hypothesis, indeed, some weight must be allowed. When a man is thrown into a passion—as, for instance, by an unexpected arrest; or a lady is covered with blushes, say by an unexpected offer—is not a sensation of heat suddenly experienced in the countenance? and to what can this be ascribed but a direct intervention of the nervous power? The effect, it is true, is temporary, and it does not follow that the extra caloric is drawn from special sources, because the captive's capillaries have been stung to wrath, or because the maiden's have been flushed with delight. But it has been found by experiment that whatever enfeebles the nervous energy, lessens the development of vital heat. Let the nerves be stupefied by narcotics, paralyzed by injuries done to the spinal cord, severed by the knife, or, still more, destroyed by the decapitation of the animal (for which act a very merciless philosopher is required), and in these cases the temperature is diminished, and in the latter instance totally annihilated, even though respiration should be partially prolonged. Still, whatever influence may be assigned to the nervous power, the fact that oxygen is perpetually entering the body as a constituent of common air, and returning as a constituent of carbonic acid and moisture, compels us to regard it as the chief, though it may not be the exclusive, source of vital caloric. Dulong and Despretz were of opinion that it could not explain the derivation of more than three-fourths of our bodily warmth. Sundry ugly objections have been urged to Dr. Crawford's conclusions as to the difference between the specific capacity of venous and arterial blood. But the great chemical Baron of the day, Liebig, speaks most decidedly on the point: "The combination of a combustible substance with oxygen (says he) is, under all circumstances, the only source of animal heat."

Granting, then, that our bodies are veritable stoves, the exasperated reader will desire to know whence we procure our fuel. Fortunately our coal and firewood are stored up in a very interesting form. They are laid before us in the shape of bread-and-butter, puddings and pies; rashers of bacon for the labourer, and haunches of venison or turtle soup for the epicure. Instead of being brought up in scuttles, they are presented in tureens, dishes, or tumblers, or all of them in pleasant succession. In fact, whenever you send a person an invitation to dinner, you virtually request the honour of his company to take fuel; and when you see him enthusiastically employed on your dainties, you know that he is literally "shoveling" coke into his corporeal stove. For all food must contain two species of elements, if it is to do its duty efficiently. There must be a portion which is available for the repair of the frame, which will remake it as fast as it is unmade, and which therefore has been called the plastic or body-building material. But there must also be a certain quantity of non-azotized matter, which will combine with oxygen in order that it may undergo combustion. If we take milk, the "model food" of animals, as a criterion of proportion, we shall find that three or four times as much of the latter is needed as of the former. For one pound of simply restorative provender, an energetic man requires four of digestible fuel. The ultimate form in which this fuel is burnt is that of carbon, hydrogen, and sulphur; but proximately we swallow it in the shape of fat, starch, sugar, alcohol, and other less inflammatory compounds. By far the most incendiary of these substances is fat: ten pounds of this material, imported into your stove, will do as much work—that is, will produce as much warmth—as twenty-four of starch, twenty-five of sugar, or even twenty-six of spirits.

And a pleasant thing it is to observe how sagaciously the instinct of man has fastened upon the articles which will best supply him with the species of fuel he requires. The Esquimaux, for example, is extremely partial to oily fare. He does not know why. He never heard of the doctrine of animal heat. But he feels intuitively that bears' grease and blubber are the things for him. Condemn him to live on potatoes or maize, and the poor fellow would resent the cruelty as much as a London alderman of the old school, if sentenced to subsist on water-gruel alone. And the savage would be perfectly right. Exposed as he is to the fierce cold of a northern sky, every object around him plundering him of his caloric incessantly, what he needs is plenty of unctuous food, because from this he can generate the greatest quantity of heat. On the other hand, the native of the tropics

• It is animals in space, we present lords of the duck,

equally ignorant of animal chemistry, eschews the fiery diet which his climate renders inappropriate, and keeps himself cool on rice or dates, or watery fruits.

Hence we see the reason why a very stout man, if deprived of food, can keep up his corporeal fires for a longer time than a slender one. Human fat, to use a dock expression, is bonded fuel. It constitutes a hoard of combustible material, upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted. Should any voluminous gentleman be put upon short commons, or, worse still, upon no commons at all, this reserve fund would be silently invaded, and day by day the sufferer would dwindle down until reduced to an affecting state of attenuation. Let all plump persons therefore rejoice. We offer them our hearty, perhaps somewhat envious, congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold. Blessed with such depôts of fuel in their own frames, they are entitled to crow over the spare Cassius-like figures in which no bountiful provision has been made for the season of privation. They, too, can afford to lavish their caloric when lankier mortals have none to sport. Partly in jest, but partly in earnest, a military writer mentions a corpulent soldier who threw out so much heat that his comrades contended for the pleasure of lying near him whilst bivouacking in the field. It is even playfully alleged that some of them would come to warm their hands over him; and it was certain that no man in the army could dry up a puddle by force of natural caloric with more celerity than this portly hero. Is there not something positively benevolent in obesity? Under such circumstances, who would not wish to be philanthropically fat?

For the same reason animals which hybernate, like the bear, jerboa, marmot, dormouse, bat, and others, generally grow plump before they retire into winter quarters. Upon this capital of corpulence they subsist during their lethargy, the respiration being lessened, the pulse reduced to a few beats per minute, and the temperature lowered to perhaps 30° or 40° . But when the season of torpor terminates, they issue from their caves and burrows, meagre and ravenous, having burnt up their stock of fuel; Bruin himself appearing to be anxious to defraud the perfumers of the unguent which is so precious in their eyes.*

* It need scarcely be remarked that the doctrine of Vital Heat applies to animals as well as to men. All have their stores as well as we; but, for want of space, we confine our observations to human caloric alone. It may suffice at present to say that some creatures exhibit a higher temperature than the lords of creation. Birds are the hottest; they reach about 103° or 104° . Even the duck, with all its aquatic propensities, has warmer blood than man. Most

Such then being the stove, and such the fuel, let us now advert to one or two of the peculiarities which this remarkable apparatus exhibits. It has been justly eulogized on the score of its surprising economy. None of its caloric, we may say, is wasted: the whole is expended in warming the frame, from its innermost recesses to the tips of the fingers and the extremities of the toes. To maintain the temperature of any apartment at 98° for threescore years and ten would involve a bill of some little severity at the coal merchant's. But the quantity of combustible matter actually consumed upon our human premises is comparatively small. From ten to fifteen ounces of carbon are daily expelled from the lungs, or discharged through the skin, of an adult whose stove is in full practice. The hydrogen and other trifles should also be taken into account in our budget of fuel; but as the total quantity of oxygen inhaled in a year was computed by Lavoisier at 700 or 800 pounds only, and as all chemical combinations are effected in definite proportions, the maximum amount of combustibles employed may be ascertained with some approach to truth.* To express the results numerically, it has been said that the caloric produced in a year would raise twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point. But perhaps a more vivid conception may be obtained by considering that the difference between the heat of the human interior and the average heat of a latitude like ours, represents the whole difference between summer and winter. If the surplus warmth of the inhabitants of this kingdom—that which we possess over and above what the climate itself affords—could be collected, it would fuse great masses of iron, or burn a town to tinder.

The case is still more remarkable in regard to the occupants of the Polar wastes. If the corporeal caloric of these barbarians could be communicated to their atmosphere, so as to impregnate

mammifers may be quoted at 100° , though considerable differences exist. In the heart of a lamb the thermometer rose to 107° . In contradistinction to mammals and birds, reptiles and fishes have been designated "cold blooded;" but this assertion is somewhat calumnious: for though their heat varies with the medium in which they exist, their temperature is generally a few degrees higher. Even insects, crustacea, molluscs, and other invertebrate "small deer," down to the most insignificant polyp, appear to take out a license to distill caloric on their own premises. Further, certain plants, whilst absorbing oxygen and making carbonic acid, as in the process of inflorescence, become much warmer than the surrounding air; while the temperature of the latter was only 66° , an *Arum cordifolium* has been known to range from 111° to 128° .

* Lavoisier's estimate is certainly low. To saturate 800 lbs. of oxygen with carbon alone, 300 lbs. of the latter would be required. This would scarcely admit of a pulmonary discharge of 10 ozs. of charcoal a day, were the whole oxygen employed in producing carbonic acid, and the cutaneous respiration thrown out of consideration.

the region with the same temperature, the aspect of the locality would be completely changed. An Arctic landscape would be a scene where tropical fruits might flourish in the open air, where palms might rear their slender stems and banyans spread their awful shade, where tigers might lurk in the thickets and boas lie coiled in the treacherous foliage above, and where the waters might be employed in fanning these British conquerors with punkahs, or carrying them in palanquins on a trip to the Magnetic Pole.

But perhaps the most striking feature in this warmth-producing apparatus, is the self-regulating power which it possesses. The fires on our domestic hearths decline at one moment and augment at another. Sometimes the mistress of the house threatens to faint on account of excessive heat: sometimes the master endeavours to improve the temperature by a passionate use of the poker, with an obligato accompaniment of growls respecting the excessive cold. Were such irregularities to prevail unchecked in our fleshy stoves, we should suffer considerable annoyance. After a meal of very inflammatory materials, or an hour spent in extraordinary exertion, the gush of caloric might throw the system into a state of high fever. How is this prevented? In some of our artificial stoves little doors or slides are employed to control the admission of air: in furnaces connected with steam engines, we may have dampers which will accomplish the same purpose by the ingenious manipulations of the machine itself. But neither doors nor dampers, pokers nor stokers, can be employed in the bodily apparatus. If, on the one hand, our human fires should begin to flag from undue expenditure of heat, the appetite speaks out sharply, and compels the owner to look round for fuel. Hunger rings the bell, and orders up coals in the shape of savoury meats. Even rags and insufficient clothing contribute to make a man voracious. Or should the summons be neglected, the garnered fat, as we have seen, is thrown into the grate to keep the furnace in play. If, on the other hand, the heat internally developed or externally applied should become unreasonably intense, a very cunning process of reduction is adopted. When a substance grows too hot, the simplest method of bringing it into a cooler frame is to sprinkle it with water, the conversion of the fluid into vapour involving the consumption of a large amount of caloric. This is precisely what occurs in our human organisms. But, doubtless, when we mention the word *perspiration*, the reader, still more deeply disgusted, will tell us that this is an extremely uncouth topic, and that we ought to blush for referring to such a coarse, ill-bred operation. Not in the least! On the contrary, we venture to submit that perspiration is an exceedingly philoso-

phical process. Instead of thinking slightly of a person who may happen to be in that condition, we ought to esteem him as one who is in a highly scientific state of body. For no sooner does the temperature of the frame rise above its standard height, than the sudorific glands, indignant at the event, begin to give out their fluid sensibly, so as to bathe the surface of the flesh. Each little perspiratory pipe (and there are supposed to be six or seven millions of pores with twenty-eight miles of glandular tubing attached) discharges its stream of moisture as if it were the hose of a fire-engine, so that the skin is speedily sluiced, and further incendiary proceedings are arrested. Whenever, therefore, a man becomes overheated by working, running, rowing, fighting, making furious speeches at the hustings, or other violent exertions, he invariably resorts to this species of exudation, and his friends begin to be alarmed lest he should fairly deliquesce.

Hence too arises the singular power of bearing for a time a temperature which would parch the body into mummy were it divested of life. Bakers will venture into ovens where the heat is considerably above the boiling point. Chantrey, the sculptor, entered a drying kiln where the thermometer indicated 350° . Chabert, the fire-king, plunged into an atmosphere which ranged from 400° to 500° . Conjurors, like the old Spanish *Saludores*, the Italian Lionetti, the English Richardsons and Powells, have earned a daring livelihood by their salamandrine feats; and though in these cases impunity was generally secured by artificial preparations, yet we know that some of their marvels, such as dipping the finger into molten lead, may be accomplished with safety by any one who chooses to try the experiment.

Drs. Blagdon and Fordyce remained for some time in an apartment where the glow of the air sufficed to roast eggs and dress steaks—drying the latter indeed so as to put them out of the pale of mastication; yet the blood in their veins was not put on the simmer. You would have expected them to suffer like Master Phaëton, when “*nec tantos sustinet æstus; ferventesque auras velut e fornace profundâ, ore trahit.*” But no, their breath chilled their nostrils in the act of expiration: it sank the mercury in the thermometer several degrees; it cooled their fingers if directed upon them; and this it did, though the atmosphere around them acted like a sirocco when set in motion; and though a fan, instead of producing a pleasant breeze, would have compelled the strongest-minded lady to faint, however determined her nerves. What protected these fire-proof men? Simply, their sudorific glands. The sweat poured down their frames, and if any of our dainty friends had stood in their places, they would doubtless have been ashamed of the pools of perspiration which were formed on the floor.

What shall we say then, good reader? Speaking seriously, and looking at the question from a mere human point of view, could any project appear more hopeless, than one for burning fuel in a soft delicate fabric like the human body—a fabric composed for the most part of mere fluids—a fabric which might be easily scorched by excess of heat or damaged by excess of cold? Does it not seem like a touch of Quixotism in Nature, to design a stove with flesh for its walls, veins for its flues, skin for its covering? Yet here, we have seen, is an apparatus, which, as if by magic, produces a steady stream of heat—not trickling penuriously from its fountains, but flowing on day and night, winter and summer, without a moment's cessation from January to December. Carry this splendid machine to the coldest regions on the globe—set it up in a scene where the frosts are so crushing that nature seems to be trampled dead—still it pours out its mysterious supplies with unabated profusion. It is an apparatus, too, which does its work unwatched, and in a great measure unaided. The very fuel which is thrown into it in random heaps is internally sifted and sorted, so that the true combustible elements are conveyed to their place and applied to their duty with unerring precision. No hand is needed to trim its fires, to temper its glow, to remove its ashes. Smoke there is none, spark there is none, flame there is none. The pulmonary chimney is never clogged with human grime. All is so delicately managed that the fairest skin is neither shrivelled nor blackened by the burnings within. Is this apparatus placed in circumstances which rob it too fast of its caloric? Then the appetite becomes clamorous for food, and in satisfying its demands the fleshy stove is silently replenished. Or, are we placed in peril from superabundant warmth? Then the tiny floodgates of perspiration are flung open, and the surface is laid under water until the fires within are reduced to their wonted level. Assailed on the one hand by heat, the body resists the attack, if resistance be possible, until the store of moisture is dissipated: assailed on the other by cold, it keeps the enemy at bay until the hoarded stock of fuel is expended. Thus protected, thus provisioned, let us ask whether these human hearths are not entitled to rank amongst the standing marvels of creation? for is it not startling to find that, let the climate be mild or rigorous, let the wind blow from the sultry desert or come loaded with polar sleet, let the fluctuations of temperature be as violent as they may without us, there shall still be a calm, unchanging, undying summer within us?

V.

A GOSSIP ABOUT EDINBURGH.

A PERFECT library of books has been written about Edinburgh. Defoe, in his own matter-of-fact, garrulous way, has described the city. The follies of its society are reflected in the inimitable pages of "Humphrey Clinker." Certain aspects of city life, city amusement, city dissipation, are mirrored in the clear, albeit somewhat shallow, stream of Ferguson's humour. The old life of the place, its citizens rejoicing in cocked hats and powdered hair, immense paunches and double chins, and no end of knowing wrinkles in the worldly-wise faces of them, and hints of latent humour, striking gold-headed canes on every pavement—are to be seen in "Kayes' Portraits" by the dozen. Passing Scott's services to the city—the magnificent description in "Marmion," the broils of the nobles in "The Abbot," the "high peaks" in "Guy Mannering"—he has, in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," made immortal many of the city localities; and the central character of Jennie Deans is so unassumingly and sweetly "Scotch," that she seems as much a part of the city as Holyrood, the Castle, or the Crag. In Lockhart's "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," we have brilliant sketches of society nearer our own time, when the "Edinburgh Review" flourished, when the city was really the Modern Athens and a seat of criticism giving laws to the empire. In these pages we are introduced to Jeffrey and Craig Crook; John Wilson, in his fervid and glorious youth, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Dr. Chalmers. Then came "Blackwood's Magazine," the "Chaldee Manuscript," the "Noctes," and "Margaret Lindsay." Then the "Traditions of Edinburgh," by Mr. Robert Chambers; then, after, the celebrated "Edinburgh Journal." Since that time we have had Lord Cockburn's delightful and chatty "Memorials" of his time. But the other day, Dean Ramsay's Two Lectures, full of pleasant antiquarianism, and notices of the men and women who flourished half a century ago. And the list may be closed with "Edinburgh Dissected," written after the fashion of Lockhart's "Letters"—a book containing pleasant enough reading, although it wants the brilliance, the acuteness, and the eloquence, and possesses all the ill-nature of its famous prototype.

Scott has certainly done more for Edinburgh than all its great men put together. Burns has hardly left a trace of himself in the northern capital. During his residence there, his spirit was soured, and he was taught to drink whisky-punch—obligations he repaid by addressing "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," in a copy of his

tamest verses. It was the great magician who discovered that the city was beautiful ; he sang its praises over all the world, and put more coin in the pockets of its inhabitants than if he had established in its midst a lucrative branch of manufacture, of which they had a monopoly. Walter Scott's novels are to Edinburgh what the tobacco trade was to Glasgow about the close of the last century. Scotland before Scott was like Australia before the gold discoveries. Scotland was a great scroll, with strange matters written all over it in invisible, sympathetic ink ; Scott was the fire that made the writing legible—patent to all the world. Although there were several labourers before him in the field of the border ballads, he made fashionable those wonderful stories of pathos and humour. As soon as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, everybody was raving about Melrose and moonlight. He wrote the "Lady of the Lake," and next year a thousand Cockneys descended on the Trosachs, watched the sun setting on Loch Katrine, and began to take lessons on the bagpipes. He improved the Highlands as much as General Wade did when he struck through them his military roads. Where his muse was one year, a mail-coach and a hotel were the next. His poems are quoted down into guide-books, and the driver of the coach from Callander to Loch Katrine recites you passages from the "Lady of the Lake ;" and points out, in the belief that they are historic facts, the place where Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu fought, and the slope of the hill where, at the whistle of their chief, the warriors of Vich Alpine started out of the brackens and ferns. Scott won his immense popularity lightly and laughingly, and in his heart did not value it highly. He turned aside from no man in gloomy scorn. His lip never curled with a fine disdain. He never ground his teeth, save when in the agonies of toothache. He was a great, simple, sincere, warm-hearted man. He loved society ; loved his friends, his dogs, his domestic. At Abbotsford he knocked off a chapter of the "Bride of Lammermuir" before his guests were up, spent the day with them, and told the shrewdest and pawkiest anecdotes at dinner. When in Edinburgh, anyone might see him on the streets or in the Parliament House. He was loved by everybody. No one so popular among the souters of Selkirk as the *Shirra*. George IV., on his visit to his northern kingdom, declared that he was the man he wished most to see. He was unquestionably the greatest, deepest, simplest man of his time. No one can read Byron after thirty ; Scott is always welcome, as white bread and clear water are always welcome. The mass of his greatness takes away from one a sense of its height. He sinks like Ben Cruachan, shoulder after shoulder, slowly, till its base is twenty miles in girth. Scotland is emphatically Scott-land. He

is the light by which it is seen. His genius was universal in its nature and in its effects. He has proclaimed over all the world Scottish story, Scottish humour, Scottish feeling, Scottish virtue; and he has put money into the pockets of Scottish hotel-keepers, Scottish tailors, Scottish boatmen, and the drivers of the Highland mails.

Every true Scotchman believes Edinburgh to be the most picturesque city in the world; and, truly, standing on Calton Hill at early morning, when the smoke of the newly-kindled fires hangs in azure swathes about the Old Town, which from that point reminds one of a huge lizard—the Castle its head, the church spires spikes upon its scaly back—creeping up from the crags to look out upon the morning world—one is quite inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of the North Briton. The finest view from the interior is to be obtained looking west from the corner of St. Andrew Street. Straight before you, the Mound crosses the gulf, bearing the white Royal Academy buildings; beyond, the Castle lifts, from grassy slopes and billows of summer foliage, its time-worn and weather-stained towers and fortifications, the Half Moon Battery giving the folds of its gay standard proudly to the wind; while right opposite and across the ravine, from the railway embankment in the hollow to the coronet of St. Giles reposing in mid-heaven, the Old Town climbs up, tier on tier, with gable, chimney, and grey rocky wall. Verily, a wonderful sight; and the oldest inhabitant, familiar with it from childhood, pauses on these fine mornings as if struck for the first time with a sense of its beauty. Quite another aspect of the city is presented from the Granton Road. Walking city-ward, the New Town stretches before you—a wilderness of cold grey building. On the right you see the graceful flowing lines of the Pentlands; midway, the great bulk of the Castle; on the left, Calton Hill, with the pillars of the national monument gleaming white against Arthur's Seat, and the Crags towering behind; and if your position is commanding, and the atmosphere clear, yet farther to the east the picture is made all the lovelier by the introduction of a new element—a stretch of azure sea, whose restless lightnings almost pain the eye. But, above all, Edinburgh is wonderful at night. When darkness falls, it becomes a city of Chinese lanterns. There is a perpetual illumination, as if for a great victory or the marriage of a king. Princes Street blazes with street-lamp and gay shop-window; the Old Town gleams out a mass of twinkling lights; the Mound lifts up its starry coil; the North Bridge, leaping the chasm, holds its lamps high up in murky air; crimson and emerald lights glow in the railway station; there are lights on Calton Hill, lights on the Castle top. The city is in a full blossom of lights—witching

at midnight, and all dead ere dawn. Every variety of nature seems congregated around Edinburgh. The Forth comes widening down to it from Stirling; waves from the German Ocean roll into Musselburgh Bay. Arthur's Seat stands above the city, haunting every street. On its south-eastern slope, and in the valley separating it from Salisbury Crags, every trace of a great city is shut out: no hum of wheels, no stain of smoke, no hill of masonry. The place is silent as a Highland moor; you walk over heather and rude crag; the very sheep feeding there get out of your way, then turn to contemplate you with a certain feeling of curiosity, plainly intimating that the human figure is an unfamiliar sight. A saunter of a quarter of an hour brings you to the mouth of the "Hunter's Bog," and the Lothians are in view, where the soil is deep and fertile as that of Sussex or Kent, and where the finest wheat-crops in Britain are produced. Summer, too, dwells within the city. The gorge running between Princes Street and the Old Town is laid out in gardens and smooth spaces of grass; the lilac hangs out there in masses of scented bloom; there the laburnum pours its golden showers. Nor are clumps of foliage wanting for noonday shade. The great base of the Castle Rock waves with trees. The space between Queen Street and Heriot Row and Abercrombie Place is a perfumed belt of gardens; the centre of every square is a garden; rooks caw and build their nests in Randolph and St. Bernard's crescents. The streets sloping northward carry the eye out of the view of the city down into a green country, sprinkled with villas, to the broad blue belt of the Forth, with the passing steamer, and to the shores of Fife, in whose nooks and indentations quaint old seaports nestle, that boasted of "schippes," and traded with France and Holland, while the Jameses sat in Holyrood. Most grateful from the noise of the streets are these escapes of the eye into a far-off soft green nature—most pleasant are these belts of verdure amid the houses. The Hibernian's desideratum—of a town in the country—is fulfilled in Edinburgh.

From a picturesque and historical point of view, the Old Town is the most interesting part of Edinburgh, and the great street running from Holyrood to the Castle, and in various portions of its length called the High Street and the Canongate, is the most interesting part of the Old Town. The houses preserve their ancient appearance, they climb up heavenward, storey upon storey, with outside stairs and wooden panelings—all strangely peaked and gabled. With the exception of the inhabitants, who exist amid squalor and filth, and evil smells undeniably modern, everything in this long street breathes of the ancient world. If you penetrate down the narrow wynds that run at right angles from

it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the old names are retained, and they touch the visitor like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial bearings may yet be traced above the low doorways; two centuries ago fair eyes looked out of that window now in possession of the Irish sot and scold. Could we but know it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story, every crumbling wall could a tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there. What strife of steel nobles. What wretches borne along in the gaze of peopled windows to the grim embrace of the "maiden." What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southern. What lamentations over disastrous battle days. James rode up that street on his way to Flodden. Montrose went that way on the hurdle, and smote with quiet disdainful glance his foes gathered on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up to his house here after his intercourse with Mary at Holyrood, grim and stern, unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, the crown of his fathers glittering in his eyes, while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies with white breast-knots looked down from the high windows, admiring the beauty of the "Young Ascanius" and his long yellow hair. Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned in to the White Horse inn. David Hume had his dwelling, in the street and trod its pavements often enough meditating on the Wars of the Roses and the fates of English kings and queens. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with bared forehead and cloudy eyes, beside the unmarked grave of poor Ferguson.

"My brother in misfortunes
By far my elder brother in the Muses."

The poet Burns standing there with a heart sad enough! Did he think then of that scene in Dumfries when Jean and his children came weeping out into the narrow street and the townsmen knew that the greatest poet of their race was dead? Did he think that, seventy years after, not only Edinburgh, not only Scotland, but the round planet would hold the Centenary of his birth? Down the street, too, often walked a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined years after to write its "Chronicles." The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten. The visitor starts a ghost at every step; now, however, it has fallen from its high estate. Nobles, grave senators, had once here their abodes. In the old

low-roofed rooms half way to the stars, philosophers talked, wits corruscated, and Tom and Jerry, sowing wild oats in the middle of last century, drank claret jovially out of silver stoups. Quite another race of people are its present inhabitants. The vices to be seen here are not genteel. Whisky has supplanted claret. Nobility has fled and squalor has taken possession. Wild half-clad children swarm about the pavement. Ruffians lounge about the mouths of the wynds. Female faces worthy of the "Inferno" of Dante look down from the broken windows. Riots are frequent, and drunken mothers reel past scolding white atomies of children that nestle wailing in their bosoms—little wretches to whom death were the greatest benefactor. The Canongate is avoided by respectable people, and yet it has many visitors. The tourist is sure to pay it a visit. Gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, penetrate its closes, and climb its spiral stairs. Down these wynds the artist occasionally pitches his stool and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway. The fever van comes frequently here to convey some poor sufferer to the hospital. Hither comes the detective in plain clothes on the scent of a burglar. And when evening falls and the lamps are lit, there is a great hubbub and crowd of people, and presently from its midst emerges a couple of policemen and a low hurly, with a poor half-clad tipsy woman, from the sister island, crouching upon it, her hair hanging loose about her face, her hands quivering with impotent rage, and with perfect impartiality dispensing her curses around. Attended by small boys who bait her with taunts and nicknames, and who appreciate highly the comic element which so strangely underlies the horrible sight, she is conveyed to the police-cells, and will be brought up before the magistrate to-morrow as a "drunk and disorderly," and dealt with accordingly. This is the kind of life the Canongate presents to-day, a singular contrast from the time when the tall buildings enclosed the high birth and beauty of a kingdom, and when the street beneath rang to the horse-hoofs of a king.

The New Town is divided from the Old by a gorge or valley, now occupied by a railway station; and the means of communication are the Mound and the North Bridge. With the exception of the Canongate, or long street leading from Holyrood to the Palace, the more filthy and tumble-down portions of the city are well kept out of sight. You stand upon the South Bridge, and, looking down, instead of a stream, you see the Cowgate—the dirtiest, narrowest, and most densely peopled of Edinburgh streets. Admired once by a French ambassador at the court of one of the James's, and yet with certain traces of departed splendour, the Cowgate has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of furniture

brokers, second-hand jewellers, and vendors of deleterious alcohol. It is the Irish portion of the city. Edinburgh leaps over the Cowgate with bridges: its inhabitants are morally and geographically the "lower orders." They keep to their own quarters, and seldom come up to the light of day. Many an Edinburgh man has never set his foot in the street; and the manners and condition of life to be found therein are as little known to respectable Edinburgh as the habits of moles, earth-worms, and the mining population. The people of the Cowgate seldom visit the upper streets: you may walk about the New Town for a twelve-month before one of these Cowgate pariahs comes between the wind and your gentility. Should you wish to see that strange people "at home" you must visit them. The Cowgate will not come to you; you must go to the Cowgate. The Cowgate holds high drunken carnival on Saturday evenings, and to walk along it then, from West Port, through the noble open space of the Grace-market, where the Covenanters and Captain Porteous suffered, on towards Holyrood, is one of this world's sights, and one that does not particularly raise your estimate of human nature. Your dream will pass from brawl to brawl, and crowds of hideous faces will oppress you, the dull sodden countenances of brutal men, women with loud voices and frantic gesticulations, and children who have never known innocence. It is amazing what ugliness the human face is capable of. The devil puts his mark upon his children as a shepherd puts his mark upon his sheep—that he may know them again. Many a face flits past here bearing upon it the evident defacement and sign-manual of the fiend.

But Edinburgh keeps all these evil things out of sight; like a guilty secret obtrudes them not on public gaze; and smiles to heaven with gaily bannered castle, tower, church spires, and "starry-pointing pyramid," rising into sunlight out of broad garden spaces and belts of summer foliage. The Cowgate has not power to mar her queenly beauties. The canker cannot touch the peach's golden bloom. Throned on crags, she strikes every eye with admiration. And, not content with supremacy in beauty, she claims a mental supremacy also. She is a patrician amongst the host of British cities; "a penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree." She has wit if she lacks wealth, she counts great men against millionaires. The actor pants for the applause of an Edinburgh audience, and when he gains it, deems his spurs are won. The poet trembles before the Edinburgh critics. The singer respects the delicacy of the Edinburgh ear. London may roar with applause, fastidious Edinburgh sniffs disdain and sneers reputation away. London is the great stomach of the empire; Edinburgh the quick, subtle, far-darting brain. Did not the knout of Chris-

topher North fall heaviest on Cockneys and Cockney poets? It is quite wonderful how Edinburgh purrs over her own literary achievements; how tenderly she sings her own greatness. She has never done wondering at herself. Swift, in the dark years that preceded his death, looking one day over some of the productions of his prime, exclaimed, "Good Heaven! what a genius I once was!" Edinburgh, looking back some fifty years, is perpetually expressing astonishment and delight. Mr. Moncrieff, one of the members for the city, never addresses an audience of his fellow citizens without recalling the names of Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford, and other stars, that of yore made the welkin bright, to the extreme satisfaction of his hearers. On every side one hears of that brilliant society of forty years ago. The Whigs consider the "Edinburgh Review" the most wonderful achievement of human genius. The Tories give the palm to "Blackwood's Magazine." It may be said that Burns, Scott, and Carlyle are the only men really great in literature who during the last eighty years have been connected with Edinburgh. Scott lived in or near the city during the whole course of his life. Burns lived there but a few months. Carlyle went to London early, and there he has written his important works and matured his reputation. Let the city boast of Scott—no one will say she does wrong; but certain individuals there are who cannot discover the amazing brilliancy of her other literary lights. After all, their reputation is merely local: what blazes a sun at Edinburgh would, if transported to London, dwindle to a farthing candle. One may with perfect truthfulness admit that Lord Jeffrey was no common man. His "vision" was sharp enough within its range. He was unable to relish certain literary forms, as some men are unable to relish certain dishes—an inaptitude which may arise from fastidiousness of palate, or from weakness of digestion. He possessed a clear transparent style, an icy sparkle of epigram and antithesis, a little wit, and no enthusiasm. He wrote many clever papers, made many clever speeches, said many clever things. But a man who could so egregiously mistake and blunder on the "Wilhelm Meister," who hooted Wordsworth through his long and noble career, who had the superlative insolence to pen the memorable sentence that opens notice of the "Excursion" in the "Edinburgh Review," and who, when writing somewhat tardily, but really well on Keats, could pass over as unworthy of remark the "Hyperion," may be a distinguished individual, but can lay no claim to the character of a great critic. Poor Hazlit, wilful, passionate, splendidly gifted, with whose *forehead* Coleridge could converse for an hour, not without edification, has sunk away into an almost unknown London grave, and his works into unmerited

obscurity ; while Lord Jeffrey—although his sun has set, the light yet hanging above the fallen orb, makes radiant the city of his birth. In point of natural gift and endowment, in point too of clear literary issue and result, the Englishman far surpassed the Scot. Why have their destinies been so different ? The reason is, that Hazlit lived in London, Jeffrey in Edinburgh. Hazlit was partially lost in a crowd and crush of talent : Jeffrey stood, patent to every eye, on a comparatively open space. Hazlit fought desperately with his pen to keep the wolf from the door : Jeffrey was a lawyer in great practice, sometime Lord-Advocate, with a seat in Parliament ; and, more than all, he was the chief of the Edinburgh reviewers. London is a free capital, containing within itself every class of people. It is the seat of legislature : it embraces Seven Dials as well as Belgravia. In London, class meets imperceptibly with class, from the Sovereign to the wretch in the condemned cell. In that finely graduated scale the professions take their own place. In Edinburgh, matters are quite different. A crown and sceptre lies up in the Castle, to be seen on payment of sixpence ; but no brow wears the diadem, no hand lifts the golden rod. There is a palace at the foot of the Canongate, but it is merely a royal hotel for her Majesty, *en route* to Balmoral—a place where the Commissioner to the Church of Scotland holds for ten days his phantom court ; with these exceptions, the year round, the old halls only echo the foot of the tourist and sight-seer. The Scottish nobility spend the season in London : the field in Edinburgh is left to law, physie, and divinity. The professions predominate. At Edinburgh a Lord of Session is a Prince of the Blood ; a professor, a cabinet minister ; an advocate, an heir to a peerage. The university and the courts of justice are to Edinburgh what the Houses of Parliament are to London. College and Parliament House have their traditions, their great men, their local interests. A Londoner, when he visits Edinburgh, is astonished to find that it possesses a valhalla all to itself, filled with gods—chiefly legal ones—of whose names he was previously in ignorance. The ground breaks into flowers beneath his feet. To-day he may conceive to be a little cloudy, may even suspect east wind to be abroad ; but the discomfort is balanced by the reports he hears on every side of the brilliancy, warmth, and splendour of yesterday. “ Ah ! that society of forty years ago ! Never on this earth did the like exist. Those astonishing men, Horner, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford ; what wit, what genius, what eloquence ! What a city this Edinburgh once was.”

Canada recently invited a visit from the Sovereign, or a member of the Royal Family, and several of the London prints intimated

that one of the Princes might yet be stationed permanently in that province. Whether this idea will ever be carried out is exceedingly doubtful; whether, if carried out, any benefit would result, is almost equally so. In the event of a plethora of Princes, and a difficulty as to what should be done with them, the suggestion may be permitted that one should be forwarded to Dublin, another to Edinburgh, to keep court in these cities. Gold is preferred to paper; and, in the Irish capital, Royalty would be more satisfactory than its "counterfeit presentment."

"A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king is by, and then his state
Empties itself as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters."

A Prince of the blood in Dublin would be grateful to the warm-hearted Irish people. His permanent presence amongst them would cancel the memory of centuries of misgovernment, and would strike away for ever the badge of conquest. A Prince at Holyrood would effect for Scotland what Scottish Rights Associations and University Reformers have so long and so hopelessly desiderated. The nobility would again gather to their ancient capital, and their sons would occasionally be found in the University class-rooms. Life would become gayer, airier, brighter. Moreover, the presence of a Prince would break up the social tyranny of the professions, the atmosphere would become less legal, and a new standard would be introduced whereby to measure men and their pretensions. For the Prince himself, good results may be predicated. He would have, at the least, some specific public duties to perform, and would, through intercourse, become attached to the people, as the people would become attached to him. Edinburgh requires some little gaiety and courtly pomp to break the coldness of grey stony streets—to brighten a somewhat sombre climate—to mollify the east wind that blows half the year, and the "professional sectarianism" that blows the whole year round.

Edinburgh is at this moment in the full blaze of her beauty. The public gardens are in blossom; the trees that clothe the face of the earth are vested in glad bright green; the "ridgy back" of the Old Town picturesquely jags the clear azure. Princes Street is warm and sunny: 't is a very flower-bed of parasols, twinkling rainbow coloured. Shop windows are enchantment; the flag streams from the Half Moon Battery; the church spires sparkle, sun gilt; gay equipages dash past, and the military band discourses music from afar. The tourist is already here in wonderful tweed costume. Every week the wanderers increase, and

in a short time the city will be theirs. By August the inhabitants have fled. The University lets loose upon an unoffending humanity a horde of juvenile M.D.'s, warranted to dispense—with the sixth Commandment. Beauty listens to what the wild waves are saying; valour cruizes in the Mediterranean; and law, up to the knees in practice, stalks red deer on the slopes of Ben Maedhui. Those who, from private and most urgent reasons are forced to remain behind, put brown paper on their front windows, inform the world by placard that letters and parcels may be left at No. 26 round the corner, and live fashionably in their back-parlour. Tweed clothed tourists are everywhere: they are driven in cabs, they are conducted by guides, they stand on Arthur's Seat, they speculate on the birth-place of Mons Meg, they admire Roslin, they eat haggis, attempt whisky-punch, and crowd to Dr. Guthrie's church on Sundays. By October, the last tourist departs and the first student arrives. Tailors put forth their gaudiest fabrics to attract the eye of ingenuous youth; streets bristle with "Lodgings to let," Edinburgh is again filled, and the story of the year repeats itself; the University class-rooms are crowded, a hundred schools are busy, and young Briefless,

Who never is, but always to be, fee'd,

the sun-brown on his face, yet walks the floor of the Parliament House, in horsehair and bombazine, four hours *per diem*, to the reduction of his patrimony and the development of his muscles. During the winter there are parties innumerable. There is a fortnight's opera, with the whole fashionable world in the boxes. The Philosophical Institution is in full session with Latin, French, German, and mathematical classes; while a whole army of eloquent lecturers do battle with ignorance on public platforms, each appearing on the horizon like Phœbus, with his waggon-load of blazing day, at whose coming night perishes, smitten through with his far-darting sun-shafts. Neither mind nor body is neglected during the Edinburgh season.

In spring-time, when the east winds blow, and grey walls of *haar*—clammy, stinging, heaven-high, making disastrous twilight of the brightest noon—come in from the German Ocean, and when coughs and colds most abound, the Royal Academy opens its many pictured walls. From February to May, this is the most fashionable lounge in Edinburgh. The rooms are warm, thick-carpeted, so that not a foot-fall is heard, and there are abundance of seats. At this period of the year, "Love among the roses" is out of the question. Love secretes himself amongst the pictures instead. It is quite wonderful how many young

ladies and gentlemen suddenly get interested in the art! It is a charming place for flirtation, and when Romeo runs short in the matter of small talk, there is always a picture at hand to suggest a subject. Romeo may say a world of pretty things while he turns up the number of a picture in Juliet's catalogue—for without a catalogue Juliet never appears in the rooms. Doubtless before the season closes she has its contents by heart, and could repeat you it off from beginning to end more glibly than her Catechism. If many marriages are not made here, there are gay deceivers in the world, and the picture of "Ophelia" sinking in the weedy pool produces no suitable moral effect. To other than young ladies and gentlemen, these rooms are highly interesting, for Scottish art is at this moment stronger and more original than Scottish literature. Perhaps half-a-dozen pictures in each Academy are the most notable intellectual products that Scotland can present for the year. The Scottish brush is mightier than the Scottish pen. Here, year after year, are to be found Mr. Noel Paton's pictures, some, of the truest, simplest pathos, as the "Home from the Crimea," or that group of ladies in the cellar at Cawnpore, listening in freezing terror to the footsteps of deliverers, whom they conceive to be destroyers; others quite different from them, and of a much lower scale of excellence, although highly admired by the young people aforesaid, wherein clothes are painted instead of soul, where the merit consists in exquisite rendering of unimportant details, jewels, tassels, and dagger hilts, where a landscape is sacrificed to a bunch of ferns, and a tragic situation to the pattern on the lady's zone, or the richly slashed jacket and purple leggings of the knight. Then there are Mr. Drummond's pictures from Scottish history and ballad poetry; a string of wild moss troopers riding over into England to lift a prey; grim John Knox on his wedding-day, leading his wife home to his quaint dwelling in the Canongate; the wild, lurid Grass-market, crowded with rioters, crimson with torchlight, spectators filling every window of the tall houses, on the night that Captain Porteous was executed, the castle standing high over the tumult against the blue midnight and the stars; or the death procession of the great Montrose, seated on a hurdle, his beard untrimmed, his hair dishevelled, dragged onward through the crowded street by the city hangman and his steeds, as if the victorious slogans of Inverlochy were ringing in his ears, and flashing on his enemies in the balcony above the concentrated fire of his disdain. Then there are Mr. Harvey's solemn twilight moors, and Covenanting scenes of marriage, burial, and baptism; or drawing the eye with a stronger fascination than any of these,

as you pass along, the landscapes of Mr. Macculloch, who has painted as no man ever painted before,

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood;”

Sketches of border moorland, with a solitary grey beel, on which the sunbeam strikes, a wreath of azure smoke rising afar from the shepherd's fire; Loch Scavaig in its wrath, the thunder gloom blackening on the peaks of Cuchullin, the fierce rain crushing straight down on white rock and shingly shore; sunset on Loch Ard, the mountains hanging unveiled in its golden mirror, a plump of waterfowl starting from the reeds and shaking the splendour into dripping wrinkles and widening rings; Ben Conacher, wearing his streak of snow at Midsummer; Kilchurn Castle, and the winding Awe, or

“Lakes that, neath the moon,
Flicker in silver round their woody isles.”

He is the most national of our northern artists, and although he can, on occasion, paint grass and flower, and the shimmer of reed blades in the wind, he loves far more to present vast desolate spaces, the silence of the Highland wilderness, where the wild deer roam, the wide shore on which subsides the last curl of the indolent wave. He loves the crag rising up through the morning's vapoury belt, wet and gleaming in the sunlight; the rain cloud on the moor blotting out the distance; the setting sun raging out fierce lances of flame from the stormy clouds—clouds torn, but torn into gold, and flushed with a brassy radiance.

May is an exciting month in Edinburgh, for towards its end the assemblies of the Free and Established Churches meet. For a fortnight or so the clerical element predominates in this city. Every Presbytery in Scotland sends its representative up to the metropolis, and an astonishing number of black coats and white neck-cloths flit about the streets. At high noon the gaiety of Princes Street is subdued by innumerable suits of sable. Ecclesiastical newspapers let the world wag as it pleases, so intent are they on the debates. Rocky-featured individuals, from the far north, come up interested in some kirk dispute, and junior counsel waste the midnight oil preparing for appearance at the bar of the House. The opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is attended with a certain pomp and circumstance somewhat at variance, it must be confessed, with Presbyterian quietude of tone, and contempt of sacerdotal vanities. Her Majesty's High Commissioner resides at Holyrood, and, on the morning of the day on which the Assembly opens, he holds his first levee. People rush to warm themselves in Royal sunshine even in this

dim reflection, and return with faces happy and elate. The military line the streets from Holyrood to the Assembly Hall. A regimental band and a troop of lancers wait outside the Palace gates, where the procession is slowly getting itself in order. The important moment arrives. The Commissioner has taken his seat. Out blazes the band, with loud noise, piercing every ear. The Lancers career; an orderly rides with eager spur; the long train of carriages begins to crawl onward in an intermittent manner, with many a dreary pause. At last the head of the procession appears along the peopled way. First come, in hired carriages, the City Councillors, clothed in scarlet robes, and with cocked hats upon their heads. The very mothers that bore them could not recognize them now. They pass on, silent with dignity. Then come a troop of halberdiers, looking by all the world as if the kings, Jacks, and knaves had walked out of a pack of cards. Then a carriage full of magistrates, wearing their gold chains of office over their scarlet cloaks, sternly eyeing the small boy in the crowd who has given vent to an irreverent observation. Then come the band, then the Lancers, riding on exceedingly troublesome horses; then a carriage occupied with high legal individuals, with powder in their hair, and rapiers by their sides. Then comes the private carriage of his Grace, surrounded by Lancers, whose steeds plunge and rear, and back, and sidle, in a remarkable manner. Then Tom, Jack, and Harry, for every carriage and cab on the line of route falls in; and so, attended by halberdiers, and soldiers, and a brass band, Her Majesty's Commissioner goes to open the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. As his Grace has to attend all the sittings of the reverend court, the Government generally select for the office a nobleman dull of hearing. He does no good; he has no voice in the deliberations. He is a mere bauble—not even ornamental. While the debate is going on below, he is not unfrequently seen, with spectacles on nose, quietly perusing the *Times*. He is allowed two thousand pounds, and his duty is—to spend it. He keeps open table for the assembled clergymen. He holds a grand evening levee, to which several hundred people are invited. The newspapers inform us that, on the last occasion, seventeen hundred invitations were issued. Think of it! Seventeen hundred individuals of both sexes bowed before the shadow of Majesty, and then *backed* in the gracefulest manner. On that evening the shadow of Majesty performed seventeen hundred genuflections. Verily, the labourer is worthy of his hire. The vale of life is not without its advantages.

But we must draw our desultory gossiping to a close. With us, above all things, a sense of the beauty of the city abides—hill, crag, castle, rock, blue sketch of summer sea, the picturesque

ridge of the Old Town, the stately squares and terraces of the New—these things once seen are not to be forgotten. The quick life of to-day, sounding around relics of antiquity, overshadowed by the august traditions of a kingdom, makes, to the resident or the tourist, more impressive than any other British city, this

Grey metropolis of the North.

VI.

TOWN AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XIII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

"ELLEN," said John Miller to his sister, as they sat together over the fire, "I think you must have observed, since your return from the country, a difference in my manner towards Bessy."

"Well," said Ellen, "I have."

"What do you think about it?" said John.

"I think her a very nice girl indeed, John. Not only pretty and pleasant, but with really good principles and a sweet temper."

"Yes, she's all that," said John. "The thing is, I don't exactly know what to say on the subject of marriage."

"If you don't, who is to?" said Ellen, smiling.

"What I mean is, I don't know whether it is well for me to think of marrying *at all*. If I *were* to think of it, there can be no doubt that Bessy would be my choice—if she would have me."

"Certainly, your clerkship is not much to marry on," said Ellen. "Still, it keeps you and me, and therefore would keep you and her."

"What, and for us to turn you adrift? Oh! oh!"

"Don't think of me for a minute, John. I shall do very well, some way or other. Who knows but I may marry too, if you set me the example?"

She laughed merrily; but in reality she had not such a thought in her head.

"Just so: you and Mr. Bolter," said John, in the same tone. Then, more gravely, "Well, but putting you out of the question, even then I should have little enough to set up on with Bessy; but suppose I had still less!"

"Why should we suppose any such thing?"

"Because I have now and then thought of giving up my clerkship."

"Oh, John! What for?"

"To try to be another Mr. Bolter."

"John! you take away my breath."

"Yes; I knew you would be surprised; but I really have had serious thoughts of it. Sometimes the wish comes over me very strongly. I almost think it is as strong a feeling, at times, as my feeling for Bessy."

"Well, they need not clash. Missionaries do not take vows to live single, like monks."

"No, but at first starting, at any rate, they would work better as single men. Moreover, the necessary preparation would place an interval between my first decision and my first start."

"John, you have surprised me so, I cannot immediately think clearly. I had no idea Mr. Bolter had so much influence over you."

"*His earnestness constrains me!* When I see such *reality* of zeal in that man, such complete devotion of himself to his work, and when I think of the indescribable importance of that work—it seems to me quite contemptible in comparison to go on casting up brewers' bills! especially when I know that labourers in the vineyard are so wanted!"

"Well, it is a very momentous step to take. I hope you will do nothing rashly."

"I promise you I will not. And, mark you, Ellen! though I feel impelled to be a co-labourer of Mr. Bolter's, I do not feel equal to doing the same work. I am ready for Hainault Forest, but not for Hopkinsville! It would be too depressing—I could not stand it."

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Mr. Bolter. Somehow, it had become quite a settled thing for him to board with John and Ellen; a very pleasant arrangement for them, as they were so fond of his company; and a wonderful advantage and comfort to him, who required the cheerfulness of a home circle on returning from his exhausting duties, and who infinitely preferred eating and drinking such things as were set before him to catering for himself. So he had made a little pecuniary arrangement with his kind friends which proved satisfactory to both.

He had now established weekly and Sunday meetings for prayer and study of the Scriptures, adult reading-classes, a savings' bank, a reading-room, and loan library; and the daily schools under the patronage of the Society of Friends, Independents, and Baptists, were progressing most encouragingly, side by side with those of the Established Church. There was so much to do that there was room for all. Unfortunately, typhus and scarlet fever, small-pox and cholera, were all at work in this pestilential district, and considerably thinning its population, besides rendering many who did not die unfit for work. Mr. Bolter visited many of these cases, and more than once sat up with the sick all night. Had he been a Xavier or a Borromeo, he would have been canonized; as he was only a poor city missionary he was not. "But he shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels."

As he does not lead a charmed life, behold ! our friend Bolter is laid low by typhus himself. There he is, quite delirious, in a little, clean, but very humble bedroom, with John beside him, and a calm, thoughtful woman dressed in dark brown, with the whitest of caps and aprons, ministering to him. It is Margaret, who is utterly fearless of infection, while Ellen, downstairs, is preparing refreshing beverages for him, and now and then wiping the blinding tears from her eyes.

Well, it pleased God to restore our good friend to something like health ; though he was never again to be the man he had been before. His medical man and Dr. Grace (the latter of whom had considerably inconvenienced himself by keeping up Mr. Bolter's prayer-services as much as he could) were both strongly of opinion that his constitution had received such a shock as to render it expedient, nay, a duty he owed himself, to exchange his district for one in a healthier locality ; but directly the subject was broached, Mr. Bolter burst into tears and said, " Oh, I cannot, cannot leave my poor people ! Do not urge it, I beseech you ! I would rather die in Hopkinsville than live anywhere else ! " *

And this feeling was found to be so rooted, that there was no good in trying to shake it out of him ; so that his doctor gave up the effort with a shrug, and good Dr. Grace fervently commended him in prayer to God. And that prayer seemed wonderfully answered. Mr. Bolter became better from that day. Mr. Truebury had him down to Grey Nuns, and found a lodging for him, free of cost, at his own bailiff's, where the good people made much of him, and feasted him with new milk, new-laid eggs, cream, home-made bread, home-brewed ale, and other good things, till they made him quite stout and hearty.

One day, when he was strolling among the woodlands, he came to a long, narrow, rushen basket, with a net over it, containing a live leveret, at the foot of a tall tree ; and, just as he was stooping to examine it, a voice from aloft exclaimed, " Oh, my master ! my teacher ! " and down slid Pharaoh with prodigious swiftness, holding a squirrel by the tail, that was doing his utmost to bite him, in his left hand, while his right hand was eagerly extended to Mr. Bolter.

" To think of our meeting so near our old ground ! " cried Pharaoh, joyfully. " We haven't been here long, but all's safe now. We're close at hand. Do come ! do come ! "

" With all my heart, " said Mr. Bolter, cheerfully. " What have you got here ? "

" That's a leveret, " said Pharaoh, catching up the basket. " They sell well in the streets to children—mostly to little girls ; they like them to run about their gardens. Only, they soon die, they do ; 'cause they don't get their natural food, and are hindered of their natural habits. Besides, dogs and cats worries them, terrible. However, they fetch sometimes one shilling, sometimes two. And this squirrel's

* Authentic.

worth eighteenpence. Not a bad day's work, sir. See! he's not a bit afraid of me. Oh, he *can* bite, I believe you!"

"Well, I suppose you've forgot all your reading."

"Forgot it!" cried Pharaoh, stopping short, and looking highly injured. "You don't mean to say that? Why, haven't I made every one of 'em Christians? Even my old grandmother, that's a hundred-and-one?"

Mr. Bolter looked at him in surprise. It seemed too good news to be true. At any rate, he feared the change could be only skin-deep.

Just then they came to a tidy-looking tent, pitched, as gipsies' tents are pretty sure to be, in a picturesque spot, on a patch of greensward, with an old oak and a birch or two overhead, and a brooklet of running water gleaming close at hand.

In this brook, Zobel was washing a few clothes; while her husband, seated on the ground, was dexterously making the slight baskets used by fishmongers and poulterers. The aged woman, whom some called "Pharaoh's daughter," and others the "Queen of the Gipsies," lay just within the tent, on a pallet of straw, intently listening to Mariam, who, with her sleeping child on one arm, and her finger tracing each word she read in Pharaoh's lesson-book, was slowly repeating—

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"O, blessed, blessed Jesus!" exclaimed the old woman, who did not see Mr. Bolter; "I love his very name!" *

"Ah! here comes our good gentleman!" cried Pharaoh's father, with pleasure and surprise; and all the family gathered round him to welcome him except the old woman, who impatiently held out her hand to him till he went up to her and took it. After a few words of affectionate greeting had been exchanged, the women took notice of Mr. Bolter's altered looks, and he mentioned his illness, which called forth expressions of interest and sympathy.

"Ah, you nearly lost your life, then, for the sake of poor perishing sinners!" cried Zobel. "What could man do more?"

"You will have your reward," said the old woman; "a crown of glory. But you didn't do it for that. No, no!"

"Sir," said the elder Smith, "I can never thank you enough for teaching my poor boy. All that *he* knows, he has taught *us*. If you will give me leave, I will repeat to you the Lord's Prayer;" which he did, very reverently, the others clasping their hands. "And now, sir, if you will have patience with me, I will read the first part in my son's lesson-book."

Mr. Bolter was astonished at his progress. He had produced his pocket Bible, and was holding it in his hand.

* "An old mother of the tribe was heard, not long ago, to speak with delight, and to say of that Saviour whom he (the missionary) so tenderly talked about, 'I love His name!' She is on the verge of her hundredth year, has more than a hundred descendants, and is a most interesting character."—*City Mission Magazine*, Jan. 1, 1858.

"Ah," said Smith, who knew the look of it, "I'm afraid I cannot yet read *that* book ; but yet I should like to try."

Mr. Bolter gave it him. He unfortunately opened on the second chapter of Numbers, and, of course, could make nothing of it. Mr. Bolter opened the book for him at the first chapter of St. John. He read several verses quite fluently ; and exclaimed, with delight,

"Thank God ! I am beginning to be able to read the Bible ! Oh, if I could read that blessed book, I think there would be hope for me. I should then learn what I must do to be saved."*

He paused, and seemed full of thought.

"I am hindering you at your work," said Mr. Bolter, softly.

"Oh, sir," said he, starting, "I never mind my work, if I can only learn the right way."

"It is so simple," said Mr. Bolter, "that even the wayfaring man need not err therein."

"Oh, sir, read, read to us ! read us the words of eternal life !"

Mr. Bolter read the 12th and 22nd chapters of Genesis, commenting as he went along ; and, from the type, Isaac, directed their attention to the anti-type, the Son of God, dwelling feelingly on his love to sinners, manifested in the great sacrifice he offered in himself for sin. Their attention was riveted.† Zobel turned her head away and was bathed in tears. Her husband brushed his eyes with his coat-sleeve. Mr. Bolter concluded with prayer, and all knelt around him except the grandmother, who devoutly raised her hands and eyes.

"See !" said Smith, after they had risen, and pointing as he spoke to a pile of wood, "to-day is Saturday. I remember what you said about gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and you see I have collected enough for two days."

Mr. Bolter was touched. Many months had intervened since he spoke of it.

When he bade them farewell, they all expressed such regret at his going, that he promised he would visit them and pray with them on the following day. He left them, followed by their blessings. Pharaoh, who was on his way to town, to sell his squirrel and leveret, begged to accompany him part of the way. It had already been arranged that he was to resume his place in the class at Hopkinsville, whither Mr. Bolter was about to return to his duties on the following Monday.

"Now then," said Pharaoh, wistfully, as soon as they were alone together, "haven't I made them Christians?"

"Pharaoh, what you have done is wonderful ! It has evidently had the blessing of God. My good fellow, you must leave snaring leverets and catching squirrels, and hunt men's souls !—the men of your own race. Our Lord came upon two of his disciples when they were fishing, and told them that if they would follow him, he would make them fishers of men. In like manner, my dear lad, he may, if he wills, make you an apostle to the gipsies, who may probably find

* Verbatim.

† Verbatim.

far more acceptance among them than any one not of their own race. What say you? Will you leave all and follow him?"

"Master, what have I to leave but such as these?" said Pharaoh, holding out his leveret and squirrel. "Certainly I will." And taking Mr. Bolter's meaning literally, he instantly let his little prisoners go free. Off they darted to their native greenwood.

"You're a capital fellow!" cried Mr. Bolter, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, no," said he, sighing, "I'm only a poor gipsy. And I'm afraid I didn't understand above half of what you said just now. But, as to laying down whatever I may have, to do as you bid me, *that* I'll do at any time; and all you'll teach me I'll learn as well as I can, and teach again to others; and pray to God to make them learn with all their heart—with all their might. Will that do?"

"Excellently."

Then Mr. Bolter explained to Pharaoh that, as he did not want to rob him of his only means of subsistence, poor as he was, at any rate while he had nothing better to offer him in its stead, he by no means wished to hinder him of gaining his livelihood after his usual fashion, as long as it led him to no dishonesty or injuring the property of others. But, on the whole, he thought digging up and selling primrose roots and violet roots better than snaring leverets or squirrels; and that the more time he found he could give to his schooling the better; and who could say but that eventually, if he sufficiently profited by his teaching, he might become a paid teacher to his own people, under the direction of the very Society that paid Mr. Bolter?

This was such a splendid prospect to Pharaoh, that the sceptre of Egypt could scarcely have more dazzled him. To be on anything approaching to a level with Mr. Bolter, endued with the same knowledge, inspiring the same affectionate respect, exercising the same powers of usefulness, to say nothing of wearing the same gentleman-like coat and hat, appeared, even in remote distance, so tempting an incentive to well-doing, that his heart swelled as he thought of it.

After walking some way in silence, "Blessed be the hour," exclaimed he, "when I started out upon you, and asked you to read me 'Selling-off under Prime Cost!' That was a famous Sunday for me!"

"It was," said Mr. Bolter. "We little know what great consequences will result from seemingly small causes. A poor woman, coming to draw water, found the Lord Jesus sitting by the well, and entered into conversation with him, till not only he had convinced her that he was the Son of God, but, at her persuasion, the men of her city came out to hear him for themselves, and were savingly converted, as well as herself. In like manner may you be the instrument of eternal salvation to many of your own people. And now, God be with you! My way is through this gate."

"God be with *you*, sir."

And he went on his way, rejoicing.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORESHADOWS.

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
 Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
 If his love for Christ be true,
 Christ hath told thee of his end;
 This is he whom God approves;
 This is he whom Jesus loves.

MR. BOLTER returned to his work, invigorated and refreshed. A heavy loss, however, awaited him—his excellent and sympathizing superintendent, Dr. Grace, had been removed to a new sphere of usefulness in one of the western counties. Mr. Bolter's new superintendent was a layman—Mr. Meyrick, a wealthy, influential, gifted, and very excellent man, but one who could by no means be the efficient support to him that he had lost in Dr. Grace. Mr. Meyrick, when he came to read Mr. Bolter's report, was very much astonished to find that within some thousand yards of his own warehouses might be found a row of crazy cottages called Rabbit-hutch Row, which were constantly under water, and over water too; the water rising through the planks from beneath, and dripping through the miserable roofs above: that a few yards from this healthful and salubrious spot, a schoolhouse might be seen in nearly the same plight, with the schoolmistress under an umbrella, teaching a hundred children,* a few of whom were fortunate enough to wear pattens. Furthermore, he read that a stagnant ditch of the most odious description skirted one side of this eligible seminary, which, in order to reap the full benefit of its effluvium, had an unglazed window opening on it, only partially closed by a rickety shutter. Over this ditch, a wooden bridge with a house upon it was erected: it seemed intended for a pleasure-house in connection with an adjacent bowling-green; but the bowling-green had long ago come to nothing, and this agreeable summer-house was now actually the dwelling of some poor miserable family that could find no better.

Furthermore, he read that, in rainy weather, the state of the streets was such that Mr. Bolter frequently stuck in the mud, and once lost his shoe—not mislaid it: he never found it again.

Mr. Meyrick said all this was very horrid: it ought to be remedied. He thought an undertaker must have bought the place as an eligible investment. Mr. Bolter observed that the inhabitants had not much to lay out in coffins. Mr. Meyrick asked him what the place most wanted. He replied drainage, lighting, and paving, and a good supply of drinkable water; also public baths and wash-houses.

Mr. Meyrick, after some cogitation, determined on a very useful act of liberality. He would erect a public fountain or pump!

* Authentic.

Mr. Bolter was delighted. It had been quite a mockery, he observed, to persuade people to give up spirituous drinks, when a cup of wholesome water was not within their reach.

So the fountain was made, and the poor blessed Mr. Meyrick.

Mr. Bolter had another thorn in his side, which it was out of Mr. Meyrick's power to remove. A new clergyman had been appointed to the parish in which Hopkinsville was included, who was not disposed to work comfortably in unison with the city missionary. The Rev. Cyril De Vere was a remarkably gentlemanlike young man, strikingly handsome, an elegant scholar, very desirous of doing good, but inexperienced and rather opiniated. Once or twice, when he and Mr. Bolter happened to meet, he treated him with marked coolness and haughtiness; so that it was evident to the poor people about them that the missionary had not the minister's support. This was, to a certain extent, injurious to Mr. Bolter as well as very uncomfortable; because Mr. De Vere really had so much good in him, and was so zealous in doing his best according to his own views, that he secured the good word of a large body of parishioners, and his disapproval of Mr. Bolter carried considerable weight. However, as Mr. De Vere was conscious he did not like Mr. Bolter, he became gradually impressed with the conviction that Mr. Bolter could not, and therefore did not, like him. This made him very ready to listen to any tattle on the subject that might reach him through evil-disposed persons; and as such persons are always to be found, it at length came to pass that Mr. De Vere made an open complaint to the Society that employed Mr. Bolter, that the missionary had, in the course of visitation, made remarks reflecting on him. This Mr. Bolter wholly and positively denied. The Society, however, expressed its readiness to listen to any proof that could be adduced in support of the charge, and a sub-committee was held for that purpose, which Mr. De Vere and his witnesses attended. The charge could not be substantiated by them, and it would have been gross injustice had the Society withdrawn its support from Mr. Bolter on such evidence. His conduct during the entire course of his connexion with them, had so secured their confidence, and his whole spirit and behaviour during this trying examination was, to their minds, so entirely that of an innocent man, and spoke so favourably for his candour, integrity, and temper, that they refused to dismiss him, and even expressed a strong encomium on his missionary career. This was excessively annoying to Mr. De Vere, who expressed himself very hotly about it among his own friends, and ever after looked very much vexed whenever Mr. Bolter's labours were alluded to; applying to his principles the disagreeable word "unsound."

Now, nothing in the world is easier than to set about an opinion that a man's doctrine is "unsound;" and nothing more difficult than to refute it, except by living it down, which is a slow process. In this instance, it was altogether a wanton, idle accusation; for Mr. De Vere knew very little indeed of Mr. Bolter's principles or practice, and

would have thought himself very hardly used, if any one had called him High Church on as insufficient grounds as he called Mr. Bolter Low Church, or no church. In that lawless kind of way which we see and hear examples of every day and every hour, he set a mark on this poor good man's shoulders which he could not immediately get rid of, by calling him "unsound."

One evening, Mr. Bolter was picking his way towards the scene of his labours, when a thin, anxious-looking little boy, about eleven years of age, plucked him by the sleeve, and said, with agitation, "Sir, I've lived three weeks on begging, and I'm starving now; give me something to save me from starving, or I'll go and steal!"*

"Come in here," said Mr. Bolter; and, turning into a small eating-house, he gave the boy a small basin of soup and a piece of bread. The boy ate with avidity; and, when he had finished his meal, he looked up at Mr. Bolter with a tear in his eye, and timidly laid his hand upon his. They left the shop together, and Mr. Bolter then said—

"You say you have begged three weeks: what did you do before?"

"Well, sir," replied the boy, shuffling to keep up with him, and looking him full in the face, "I'm an orphan, I am, and father died afore I can remember; mother died, maybe, two year ago. She did job-work, flannels for the tailors, and such like—anything she could get. Sometimes she worked all night, for we was very bad off—we was so. At last she died, and the good 'oman as we lodged with, who had a mangle, says to me: 'Now, my poor lad, you must shift for yourself; here's an old basket and a few pence, and you'd better start in the muffin line.' Well, I did so; but it's only a winter trade, is muffins. Then I sold creeses, and then cherries, 'cording to the season, sir, you know. Well, I drawed up with a little chap called Tom: Tom had a father an' mother, and I'd none; so they lets me have half Tom's bed. Tom's father knew my mother: he's a coalheaver, but sometimes he's out o' work. He says sometimes, when he's very much down with the rheumatics, that they must all go into 'the house.' He's very ill now, and they're all pretty near starving, which makes me not tell 'em I'm starving too. If you'll believe me, sir, three weeks ago, a big boy knocked me down, and ran away with my basket. Oh, wasn't it bad of him! Since then, I've had nothing I could do but beg. But I don't like it, sir—it sticks in my throat. *Read*, sir! Ay, to be sure, I should like to learn to read; but who'd teach me? Tom would like to learn, too. *You'll* teach me—teach *both* on us? Lor' bless you, sir! Bless you for ever! Sure we'll come. Yes, I'll come with you now, sir, and see where it is, and what it's like: that soup's made a man o' me. And if you'll trust me with a couple of shillings, sir, it'll start me in trade again, and I'll repay you before the month is out."

Surely it was the artless tale of some such little outcast as this, that

* Authentic.

made poor half-crazy Blake, the artist, write his pathetic little poem of "The Chimney-Sweep":—

"When my mother died, I was very young,
And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely call out, 'Weep, 'weep, 'weep,'
So your chimnies I clean, and on soot I sleep.

"There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, when shaved; so I said,
'Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

"And so he was quiet; and, that very night,
As Tom he was sleeping, he had such a sight!
There, thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

"When down came an angel, who had a bright key,
And opened the coffins, and let them all free;
Then, down the green vale, laughing, leaping, they run,
And wash in the river, and shine like the sun.

"Then, naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise up on pure clouds, and sport in the wind,
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

"And so Tommy awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Though the morning was cold, he was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm."

Reader, will you hear another case? These stories are *true*. One afternoon, towards dusk, a girl offered Mr. Bolter some flowers. There was nothing importunate in her manner; she was very poor, but neat and modest. On his questioning her as he walked away, she told him her little history. She said:—

"Mother has been dead just a year this month; she took cold at the washing, and it went to her chest. She was only ill a fortnight. She took on dreadful bad, for she knew she was going, and she couldn't think what would become of me. Minister, sir? No; no minister came a-near us, nor gentleman nor lady of any sort. Nobody cared for us but our two selves. When she was gone, I hadn't a friend. A young woman as sold flowers took pity on me, and said I might do the same, and lodge where she did. And so I do: the woman is poor, but quite respectable. And she's very kind to me, sir: she gives me a dinner on Sundays. During the summer months, I clear sixpence a day. But I can only sell flowers five days in the week—Mondays, there's no flowers in the market; and, of the sixpence a-day, I pay threepence for lodging. I get a halfpennyworth of tea; a halfpennyworth of sugar; a pound of bread, threehalfpence; butter, a halfpenny. I never tastes meat but on Sunday. What I shall do

in the winter, when there are no flowers, I don't know. I can't bear to think of it."

Mr. Bolter thought this was a case in which Mrs. Truebury would be sure to interest herself. Meanwhile, he set Margaret to keep her eye upon the girl.

A great contest between the powers of light and darkness was now at hand; one of those contests which, could we foresee them and comprehend their amazing consequences, would send us to our knees to wrestle with God in prayer, night and day, till we obtained the promise of victory. Things had hitherto gone passably well in Hopkinsville; nay, considering the immense disproportion between the work there was to be done and the labourer who had to do it, the progress was highly encouraging. Many were under instruction; many were reclaimed from sinful courses, and leading more devout lives; many were drawn to divine worship; many heard the word of God in their own dwellings; many sick and dying persons were visited. This was much; but it was chiefly among those poor resident families who, as Mr. Bolter told Dr Grace, were really too physically weak to be actively wicked. A large and most dangerous class remained unapproached and seemingly unapproachable; a class of sturdy, stalwart labourers in the docks and railways—Irish, Welsh, north-country—men of immense physical force, with absolutely no characters to lose—brawlers, drunkards, blasphemers, wife-beaters, who, as they more than once had told Mr. Bolter, would as soon knock out his brains as look at him.

Of this class there had lately set in quite a stream, that choked the small lodgings and public houses, and filled the district with clamour and disorder. Their head-quarters were at a very disreputable place called the Rat's Hole, which Mr. Bolter longed, yet feared, to approach. Here might be heard seditious *orators* loudly applauded; here drunken songs were sung in uproarious chorus, and here many a robbery was concerted.

At first, these men knew nothing of Mr. Bolter, and as he had not interfered with them, they had no motive for interfering with him; but, little by little, they began to know something of him and to hate him. Strong members of the corps were accosted and remonstrated with; one or two of them were visited by him when sick; others saw and heard him talking with their fellow lodgers. He was dubbed a blue light; he was told his life was not worth a farthing's purchase; he was shown a bludgeon bought expressly to knock out his brains; and other agreeable things of the kind.

Mr. Bolter had so much courage that these threats affected him very little; but a great burthen was laid on his soul. The awful spiritual condition of these desperadoes, their utter impenetrability to the voice of reason or persuasion, their damaging influence on the morals of the neighbourhood, weighed on him like lead. His healthy red and brown complexion had already, under the influence of Hopkinsville atmosphere, become sallow and sickly; his features were becoming pinched, and a look of deep anxiety in his hollow eyes made

it painful sometimes to meet their pathetic glance. Good-natured Mr. Meyrick was much struck by it. "Bolter," said he, "you ought to have additional aid." But Mr. Meyrick was not prepared to undertake the entire support of another missionary himself; and, just then, the Society was particularly oppressed by more appeals from various quarters than they could possibly answer. Were there no well-to-do shop-keepers, thriving men of business, men of easy fortune, that might have raised the funds, singly or together, with the utmost possible ease? Of course there were. There always are. But, as they did not come forward, and chose to think their strength was to sit still, Mr. Bolter expended his own little remaining strength in continuing to go about single handed.

John Miller had at length found out what to say on the subject of marriage. He and Bessy were engaged, and as happy as two fondly attached people could be. But alas for their prospects! One fine summer day, Bessy had made one of a gay water party to Hampton Court. The afternoon proved inveterately rainy; the wearers of thin muslins, baréges, and tarletans were drenched to the skin, and had to sit so long in their wet clothes, that the wonder was, Bessy should be the only victim. She caught a cold which settled on her lungs, and went into a rapid and fatal decline.

John now found, that instead of going to exhort the dwellers in Hainault and Epping forests, there was home-missionary work for him to do. Bessy had always been a pleasing, well-conducted girl, but she had never been a serious thinker; and now that eternity stared her in the face, she was wretched and desponding at the thought of death. John was quite appalled at the vehemence with which she clung to the things of this life; he was greatly exercised in spirit; he besought God, with groanings that could not be uttered, to change her heart by the influence of his Holy Spirit, and give her a living interest in the things belonging to her eternal peace. His prayer was heard; he was permitted to be the privileged instrument of this young girl's salvation; and no minister or missionary of the profoundest experience could perhaps have led her faltering steps along the heavenward path with more success than he was enabled to do under the powerful impulses of human and divine affection.

At length she died. Such peace, such sweetness attended her closing scene, that though John and Ellen wept, it could hardly be said they lamented.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We should not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is, that thou art free.
And thus shall faith's consoling power,
The tears of love restrain.
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again?
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by love divine:
O may such grace on me be shed,
And may such end be mine!

Some of us have seen a large silken bag, inflated with highly rarefied air, only prevented by a cord from soaring upward to the skies. That cord, in John's case, was now severed, and his soul sprang up to its own element. He did not immediately abandon his clerkship, but he devoted every spare minute to the studies befitting the course he meant to pursue, with such earnestness that his progress was thrice as rapid as it would have been under ordinary circumstances. His mind was wholly given to serve the Lord.

VII.

DEGENERATION.

MAN came perfect from the hand of his Maker, but he has "sought out many inventions," most of them by no means particularly to his advantage. What was the special type of this perfect man, we are not in a condition to ascertain. We, as good Englishmen, feel an instinctive, irresistible tendency to conceive of Adam as a very completely-developed countryman of our own, as to *physique*: in the two celebrated French paintings of the "Temptation" and the "Fall," he is represented as a model Frenchman, even to the well-waxed and curled moustache. And if the African troubles himself about his first parent, his fancy doubtless paints him as with a skin still blacker and more sebaceous, lips still thicker, and hair more woolly, than his own.

The earliest representations of our species are far different from all these, and also from the Grecian type of perfection, yet probably not more so than they are from the real original man; so that, in speaking of "degeneration," we have no absolute standard of comparison. Yet the most cursory glance over the varieties of our race, whether in their ethnological or their social relations, show that such degeneration has taken place, either absolutely or relatively; absolutely, in so far as the subject of it may be supposed to have fallen from a higher state of civilized development—relatively, as they have failed to raise themselves to a certain standard. Ethnologically, the comparison would be between the refined and cultivated European, and what are called the "wild people" of Ceram, or the "original people" of the Malay peninsula, who seem, objectively considered, to differ from the monkeys in little else but some unintelligible rudiments of articulate speech, and the casual accomplishment of kindling a fire. How have the differences been brought about? If we resort to the "diversity of race" theory, we only move the difficulty one short step backwards; for we are met by the consideration that, within credible historic periods, barbarous nations have become civilized, whilst these have not; and also that, in some instances, people possessing a tolerably high grade

of civilization have relapsed into almost complete barbarism, as we may see in certain Portuguese colonies.

But, considering man as one species, there are still two fundamental views of his nature and progress, which it may be well briefly to notice. We, as believers in the possibility and the actuality of a revelation, see, in the benighted, degraded condition of the heathen, the result of the original curse, operating through natural laws; by virtue of which, and in accordance with providential arrangements shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery, they are waiting, long waiting for the bringing-in of the fulness of the Gentiles. But there are those who recognize no revelation, nor even the possibility of such; and of these, a certain class of writers affect to believe that these so-called "*original people*" are samples of men almost as originally created, in whom the only believable source of improvement—i.e., "*natural progress*"—has operated very slowly. We say *almost* as originally created; for by the theory he is supposed to have been turned upon the earth without speech or knowledge of any kind, and has had emphatically to "work out" his own development. The author of the "Defence of the Eclipse of Faith" gives a graphic and amusing picture of man as thus circumstanced:—

"We must fancy man feeling his way at once to the lowest elements of civilization and the most elementary conceptions of religion. And as savages make no rapid progress (*some* philosophers say they cannot, and all history shows they do not), without instruction from *without*, and as by the supposition primeval man could not have any, it is hard to say how many ages he crawled before he walked, lived on berries and acorns before his first incipient attempts at cooking, yelled his uncouth gibberish before he made (if he could ever make) the refined discovery of an articulate language, and lighted on his first deity in the shape of a bright pebble or an old fish-bone, and was in raptures at the discovery! Or, rather, it is hard to say how the poor wretch ever survived the experiment of any such introduction to the world at all. Some philosophers have defined man as a laughing animal. I am afraid that, on this theory, it was some years before he found anything to laugh at. It must have been very long before his 'differentia' appeared."

Even had we no revelation, the hypothesis of a fall from a previous higher state, through the action of various climatic and moral agencies, would present infinitely fewer difficulties, in accounting for the phenomena, than this absurd theory. But, as the whole subject of the production of varieties of mankind is much too extensive for present discussion, we propose limiting our attention to certain classes of morbid varieties, occurring in civilized societies, as true degenerations from the normal type; developed under the influence of climate, soil, habits, manners, occupation, use and abuse of stimulants, narcotic agents, &c.

The degenerations which are the subject of our observations consist, somatically, of imperfections in the development of bodily organs;

deviations from the normal type and proportions ; and feebleness in the performance of the functions ;—psychically, they are manifested in infirmity of will and purpose, weakness of the moral sense, general tendency to impulse, and proclivity to temptation. Bodily and mentally, they are progressive in character, transmissible from generation to generation, and tend finally to the extinction of that branch of the race. It is from this unfortunate and numerous class that disease of all kinds selects its readiest and most inalienable victims ; that our “*dangerous classes*” are perpetually recruited ; that our prisons are filled ; that our lunatic asylums are peopled ; and, when all these deductions are made, there remains an almost countless multitude of “*detrimentals*,” against whom the efforts of religious teaching, philanthropy, and legislation are directed well nigh in vain—not, perhaps, utterly without intelligence—not altogether *devoid* of a sort of moral *sensation*—but in whom the two do not combine to form a rule for life and conduct.

In brief, our proposition is This :—there are certain physical influences which (combined in many instances with absence of moral culture) produce deteriorating influences upon both the body and the mind of individuals ; the results of which are progressive and transmissible, and terminate in the production of *varieties of mankind*, as distinct from the society amidst which they live both physically and morally ; and, according to their specific source as distinct from each other, as are the Hottentot, the Malay, or the Esquimaux from one another, or from the civilized European. The goitrous cretin, the perpetual worker in mines, or even factories ; the habitual and hereditary drunkard, the imbecile, the race of the opium-eater ; these and many others present types of degeneration from the *mens sana in corpore sano*, almost as well marked and recognizable to the practised eye, as is that of the poor half-starved Australian from his white brother. Of these we must give in detail a few illustrations.

Three causes, according to Buffon, tend to produce changes in the animal constitution—climate, nourishment, and domesticity. Man is subject to similar influences ; but for domesticity in his case, we must substitute the aggregate of manners, customs, education, occupation, and the like. Our space will not permit us to take an exhaustive view of the whole, even were such possible ; we must be content to select those of which the phenomena are most marked and most ascertainable.

Climate has a powerful effect in modifying, both physiologically and pathologically, our species. We will give an example or two of both. The Quickuas (South America) are remarkable for a great development of the chest, which has a capacity much greater than proportionate to the size of the body. This is due to their habitation being about 5000 yards above the level of the sea, where the air is so rarefied, that to secure a proper supply of oxygen, a much larger quantity must be taken into the chest. Hence in infancy, and during the whole period of growth, the chest is developed out of proportion

to the other parts. Again, when men from the North migrate to a tropical climate, notable changes of constitution take place; the circulation is excited, and a superfluity of bile is produced; the liver grows enormously, and appears to supplement the respiratory function. Such are the changes which may take place when the climate, although exceptional, is healthy. Under other conditions, other and more serious modifications occur; witness the description given by Montfalcon of the inhabitants of La Bresse, a description which will apply in like manner to the inhabitants of all equally marshy climates. The Bressans, disinherited by nature, only feel the burden of life; the mournful influence of their climate is impressed upon their features; it modifies to an extraordinary extent their functions and faculties. They are born sickly, and they cease to live at what should be the age of vigour. All the elements conspire to the ruin of the Bressan. The air he breathes, the water he drinks, are both poisoned; his miserable dwelling is scarce a defence from a pernicious atmosphere; his food is coarse and insufficient; and the kind of labour which he pursues (amid humid forests and morasses) does not permit him to anticipate a brighter future. His stature is short, his bones rickety; his skin sallow, thin, and unhealthy; his muscles flabby and undeveloped, his features humid, and his abdomen swelled and dropsical. Scarcely has he quitted the breast when he begins to languish and emaciate; a large proportion die before the age of seven; those who survive do not *live*, they *vegetate*. Melancholy, apathy, a sort of idiocy is the habitual expression of a countenance rarely modified by passions. Old age commences at forty-five; they are decrepit at fifty-five; few reach sixty. "*We do not live*," said one of these wretched creatures, in answer to some inquiry; "*we do not live, we die*." The children born of such parents are emphatically degenerate; the population is perpetually diminishing, and must become finally extinct, unless supported by emigration. Referring to another similar district, M. Melier states that for some time it could not furnish the military contingent. It often happened, that of all the men drawn for service, not one was found fit; sometimes none were found of age to be recruited—all had died, chiefly in infancy.

But we need not go far from home to seek unhealthy districts. A recent writer says that "the chamber of a person attacked with fever in an apartment in London, where the air does not circulate, is in a condition perfectly similar to an Ethiopian marsh, where heaps of locusts are rotting. The poison is the same, and only differs in intensity. Nature, with her broiling sun, languishing air, and putrid morasses, manufactures pestilence on a large scale; poverty, clad in rags, and steeped in filth, excluding the air and increasing the heat, succeeds but too well in imitating nature."

But the malaria of large cities, producing these fearful results, does not act alone. The absence, insufficiency, or impurity of nourishment; the abuse of alcoholic liquors and sensual pleasures; the absence of all intellectual and moral culture; all play a fearful part in the degenera-

tive process. In some of our large manufacturing towns we find sad pictures; here is one drawn by one of our continental neighbours (M. Morel) of Wolverhampton:

"The education of children is literally nothing; the child of five nurses the child of two years; and the child of seven watches over both, and keeps the house in the absence of its parents. To facilitate this, the mothers administer to the nurslings preparations of opium. Another pathological phenomenon manifests itself, which we believe to be inevitable in the morbid degenerations of the species—*i.e.*, the arrest of development of the intellectual faculties. Their intellectual existence is limited to a certain age, beyond which not only the evolution of the faculties remains stationary; but the children who have been able to learn forget immediately the few ideas they have acquired. Children who have *appeared* intelligent, experience this intellectual *arrest*, which almost always corresponds to one of a physical nature. These children become the victims of undeserved punishment: they *cannot learn*; they are not culpable; they are only undergoing the inevitable consequences of congenital degeneration."

And so it is in after life, when they become idle, vicious and criminal; punishment, as a remedial agent, is vain and futile; being often reprov'd, they harden the neck; and that more from the action of general and necessary law than from any individual volitional depravity, intense as this may seem.

One of the most powerful agencies in the production of degeneration is the abuse of alcoholic liquors. The physical degradation attendant upon habitual drunkenness is well known; it is joined with deterioration and ultimate loss of intelligence, and almost entire obliteration of the moral faculties. It were well if these remained isolated facts, affecting only the individual transgressor. But the law of these degenerations is, that they are progressive and transmissible; and the *habit* of one generation becomes the almost *irresistible impulse and insanity* of the next, or subsequent one. When actual imbecility or idiocy do not appear in the offspring of the drunkard, we constantly meet with intermediate states, accompanied by aberrations of the intelligence and perversions of the moral sentiments, so remarkable as to be unaccountable on any ordinary theory of human depravity.

When habitual intoxication is persevered in, we have a train of symptoms something like this:—attacks of delirium tremens; a general trembling of the hands and limbs; disordered sensations, such as occasional blindness; troubled sleep, and disgust for food; partial paralysis of motion and sensation; vertigo and hallucinations, spectral visions, &c. Then perhaps occurs some attempt to stop the downward course, almost uniformly unsuccessful, for more than a very brief space; again the old practices and symptoms; and again a cessation and a relapse. The conclusion is drawn from the life:—

"Arrived at this sad period, there was no longer any hope of amendment. Deprived of intelligence, lost to all moral sense, his strength

diminished from day to day ; and nothing could now arrest the progressive and fatal march of the symptoms. The skin became like parchment, the legs were œdematous ; the delirium was continuous. He muttered unintelligibly, his look was stupid and haggard, his appearance brutal ; and when death came to terminate this sad existence, consciousness had long ceased. The paralysis was general, and this deplorable victim of alcoholism had fallen into the most hideous state of degradation."

The children of parents so affected are placed in pitiable circumstances. Some inherit the same tendency, and perish in like manner ; but with this noteworthy difference that in the second generation, the impulse to evil is stronger, and the will and conscience feebler. Others are born completely degenerate, idiots or imbeciles ; others again live intellectually up to a certain age or development, at which they stop short, or fall back into a secondary imbecility. We present another picture also drawn from life. A——, immoral and brutish, indulged in drink to excess, until it became true dipsomania ; he was killed in a public-house brawl. B——, his son, inherited the taste for drink, became a maniac, and died insane. C——, son of the last, *committed none of the excesses* of his father and grandfather ; but the taint was manifested in degeneration of mind, in hypochondriacal and melancholic tendencies, with impulse to homicide. D——, the fourth in descent, was of original weak intellect, and had attacks of mania, followed by idiocy, and extinction of the melancholy line. And thus the sins of the fathers, by natural law, are visited upon the third and fourth generations.

A recent writer in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine," gives some very pointed instances of the heritages of intemperance ; asserting that not only does it affect the health, morals, and intelligence of the offspring of its votaries, but that they also inherit the fatal tendency, and feel a craving for the very beverages which have acted as poisons upon their system, from the commencement of their being. The illustrations of this are striking. One gentleman mentioned was an habitual drunkard ; his wife also had a "stomach complaint, for which she took spirits *as a medicine*," which medicine was never forgotten or neglected. Both died confirmed drunkards : they had several children, all of whom inherited the tendency—*and all of whom* died in like manner. After many struggles, they gave up the contest, saying, "We cannot help it—we inherit a strong love for rum or gin." One of them bound himself by a heavy penalty to abstain ; but after a few months, he broke out again, saying, that the craving was actual torture, and *he could not help himself*. The next instance is, if possible, still more melancholy. The father and mother of the family in question were rarely sober ; the lady died early of delirium tremens ; but the father lived to see the fruits of their sin. Out of a large family of children, only one escaped the taint. The eldest son was an inveterate drunkard, and committed suicide ; all the other sons came to some untimely end through drinking. Finally, the only daughter

was on one occasion brought home by the police in a state of intoxication ; the shock was too great for the old man, and it killed him.

Oinomania is one of the heritages of drunkenness ; the habit of the parent has become the mania, or the resistless impulse of the offspring. It is described as an impulsive desire for stimulant drinks, uncontrollable by any motives that can be addressed to the understanding or conscience, in which self-interest, self-esteem, friendship, love, religion, are appealed to in vain ; in which the passion for drink is the master passion, and subdues to it every other desire and faculty of the soul. "The victims of it are often the offspring of persons who have indulged in stimulants, or who have weakened the cerebrum by vicious habits or undue mental labour."* A sketch of such an individual by M. Morel is very graphic and forcible.

"Such cases present themselves to our observation with the predominance of phenomenon of the psychical order, which I have already had occasion to mention—i.e., *a complete abolition of all the moral sentiments*. One might say that no distinction between good and evil remains in the minds of these degraded beings. They have desolated and ruined their families without experiencing the least regret : in the acute state of their delirium they have nearly destroyed all that came in their way, and preserve no remembrance of it. The love of vagabondism seems to govern the acts of a great number of them. They quit their houses without troubling themselves where they may go ; they cannot explain the motives of their disorderly tendencies ; their existence is passed in the extremest apathy. The most absolute indifference and volition seems to be replaced by a stupid automaton."

If a son inherits from his father, or an ancestor, the tendency to intoxication, it is entirely rare to see any cure effected ; some of our most careful observers say that they have never seen one such instance.† In the most favourable cases, the habit once developed leaves its traces upon the descendants, though they may be but slight ; and these are at all times ready to be fostered by other causes into serious activity.

But having thus briefly and imperfectly sketched the operation of the alcoholic poison upon individuals and families, we shall obtain a more extended idea of the importance of the subject by examining it in a national point of view, and so ascertain the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of *societies* in which such evil influences are rife. Thankful may we be as a nation, that, vast as are the sums of money expended upon strong drink amongst us (we believe nearly sixty millions annually), and growing as we fear the evil is in almost all classes of society, we are not the worst amongst the nations. Our illustration will be taken from Sweden, where the abuse of alcoholic liquors appears to have been proceeding at a fearful rate for nearly

* "Psychological Journal," *loc cit.*

† "JE N'AI JAMAIS VU GUERIR les malades dont les tendances alcooliques avaient leur point de départ dans les prédispositions héréditaires leguées par les parents."
—MOREL, *Sur les Dégénérescences de l'Espèce humaine.*

a century, and where it has now attained such a pitch, that about half the population appears to consume brandy at the rate of above 150 pints each person annually : this is taken from statistical tables of the country. In 1785, Dr. Hagström, struck with the growing evil, made an energetic appeal to his fellow citizens to check a vice which was not only an outrage to religion and morals, but which threatened seriously future generations. Notwithstanding, the evil has so much increased, that Dr. Huss writes:—"Things are come to such a point, that if most energetic means are not adopted against so fatal a custom, the Swedish nation is menaced with incalculable evil. The danger is not future, or contingent ; it is a *present* evil, the ravages of which may be studied in the present generation. No measures can be too strong ; it is better to save at any price, than to have it to say, *It is too late.*" The same authority (the greatest accessible) states that the people of Sweden have already *degenerated* in stature and physical strength. But this is not all : new diseases have invaded the country ; scrofula has increased to a frightful extent ; and life is visibly shortening. The hereditary tendency to drink, combined with the constant example, produces a powerful influence : children of twelve, ten, or eight years, evince already the evil predilection. Mental alienation is considerably on the increase ; and suicide is so frequent, that it is difficult not to suspect the returns of exaggeration. In ten years, the average of suicides of men between 20 and 50 years was one in 57 deaths. This is enormous ; "But," says Dr. Huss, "if we reckon as suicides those who have died of the immediate effects of alcohol, in a state of intoxication, the proportion will rise to one in 30 deaths." Crime, also, is frightfully on the increase. In the year 1830, the proportion of criminals convicted of various offences was, to the entire population, as one to 143 ; in 1845, the ratio was one to 100.

In our own country, Mr. Thompson of Banchory, in his work on "Punishment and Prevention," as regards crime, attributes two-thirds, at least, of all crime and pauperism to drinking. "There is," says he, "an unanimous opinion of the fact—expressed in varied forms by all, without exception, who have the means of knowing—that drink is the great cause of crime ; that but for drink there would be little crime ; or, as it has been lately admirably expressed by Mr. Recorder Hill, 'The beer-house and the gin-shop are the authorized temptations offered by the Legislature to crime.'" And again : "Careful inquiries lead to the conclusion that drink is as much the cause of pauperism as of crime, generally in the person of the pauper himself ; but if not, then in the habits of his immediate ancestors."

The observations of an already quoted writer, M. Morel, on these facts, are worthy of attention :—

"We have need of no further proof to show, that the abuse of intoxicating liquors produces the same disastrous results in nations as in individuals. The effects are the same in all latitudes ; but they are produced more suddenly and more forcibly in proportion as there

exist other causes of degeneration, and as the less degree of civilization is unable to develop, as a counterpoise, the salutary influence of morals and education. Under a cause of degeneration so strong, new maladies are developed, and the old ones assume a more serious aspect. The average duration of life diminishes, sterility increases, and the viability of children is more uncertain, whilst the intellectual and moral disorders are signalized by the ever increasing numbers of the insane, of suicides, and of crimes."

By these illustrations it will now be sufficiently understood what we intend by the term degeneration, or the formation of morbid varieties of mankind. It will also be seen how grave are the evils attendant upon, and involved in, these charges. It must not be supposed, however, that all these are due to the causes just alluded to. Almost every nation, certainly every nation that has made any advance in civilization, has included amongst its acts the extraction of something intoxicating from the products of nature—something, that is, which will unduly excite or stimulate the nervous system; opium, hachisch, betel-nut, tobacco, wine, or some other narcotic. All these alike are capable of producing deleterious effects upon the individual, which are transmissible by way of generation; and in so far as they become more or less national habits, they will produce national degradation; although with regard to most of them we have not the means of ascertaining how far they have influenced the nations, with the same precision as in the case of alcohol.

M. Moreau states it as his opinion that the extract of Indian hemp, (hachisch) when long used, produces incurable dementia. "I have reason to believe (says he) that such is the case in many persons met with in the cities of Egypt, who are venerated as holy men (*santons*) by the people, but who are merely fallen into a state of dementia from the use of hachisch."

The use of opium as a narcotic and stimulant is even more deleterious than that of alcohol. "The habitual opium-eater (says Dr. Oppenheim) is instantly recognized by his appearance. A total attenuation of body, a withered yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glassy deep-sunken eyes, betray him at the first glance." Can anything afford a stronger illustration of our views as to the production of specific morbid varieties? "After long indulgence, the opium-eater becomes subject to neuralgic pains, to which opium itself brings no relief. These people seldom attain the age of forty, if they have begun early to use opium. When this baneful habit has become confirmed, it is almost impossible to break it off; the torments of the opium-eater, when deprived of this stimulant, are as dreadful as his bliss is complete when he has taken it; to him night brings the torments of hell, day the bliss of paradise."

The moral deterioration which directly and indirectly results from the use of opium is well exemplified in the case of the two Coleridges, father and son. The former was an opium-eater; the latter inherited

the necessity for some stimulant, which in his case was alcoholic. The predominant tendency of his character was weakness of volition. When very young even, his brother wrote of him that a certain inferiority of will was manifested. He could not open a letter without trembling; he shrank from mental pain; and was beyond measure impatient of control. "He yielded *as it were unconsciously* to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, *as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition*. It looked like an organic defect, a congenital imperfection." Of himself in after days he wrote,—

"Oh! woeful impotence of weak resolve,
Recorded rashly to the writer's shame,
Days pass away and Time's large orbs revolve,
And every day beholds us still the same,
Till oft-neglected purpose loses aim,
And hope becomes a flat unheeded lie."

M. Morel speaks of "three hundred millions of individuals, (in China) menaced, as to their dearest interests, by the most fatal and degrading habit that it is possible to conceive; that of smoking opium." In 1810, there were 2500 cases of opium sent to Canton; in 1838, there were 48,000 cases! But even in England the increase is alarming; in 1830 there were 103,718 pounds of opium received in London; in 1852, there were 250,790 pounds! In its constitutional results, in the difficulty of breaking the habit, and in the rapidity and certainty with which the pernicious effects appear, opium stands even far before the worst forms of alcoholic poisoning. The offspring of these degraded sensualists are truly degenerate, physically and mentally, as in the case of alcohol.

We shall only refer very briefly to the widely-spread habit of tobacco-smoking; and that only by quoting one opinion, as the subject has been thoroughly exhausted by discussion in journals, medical and non-medical. Our own opinion goes to some extent with the following, extracted from the *Lancet*, February 14th, 1857. "If the evil ended with the individual, who, by the indulgence of a pernicious custom, injures his own health, and impairs his faculties of mind and body, he might be left to his enjoyment, his fool's paradise unmolested. This, however, is not the case. In no instance is the sin of the father visited upon the children more strikingly than the sin of tobacco-smoking. The enervation, the hypochondriasis, the hysteria, the insanity, the dwarfish deformities, the consumption, the suffering lives and early deaths of the children of inveterate smokers, bear ample testimony to the feebleness and unsoundness of the constitution transmitted by this pernicious habit."

With regard to the degenerations resulting from the previous causes, there are certain general facts which are worthy of notice:—

1. Certain individuals unite in their own persons the morbid organic tendencies of many previous generations, and, without any errors of their own, appear to expiate the transgressions of their ancestors.

2. The inequality of development in the faculties sometimes results in exceeding prominence of some talent, amounting to a kind of brilliant phosphorescent genius—a light attendant upon the decay of the race. It is accompanied by corresponding moral or intellectual weakness in other departments, and the mental existence is circumscribed within certain limits which they cannot pass.

3. The conditions of degeneration in such individuals reveal themselves not only by typical exterior characters, but also by the most remarkable aberrations in the exercise of the intellectual faculties and the moral sentiments.

We have no space to enter into other forms of degeneration resulting from diseased or imperfect nutrition, from unhealthy occupations, from the nature of the soil, and from many of our social arrangements. Suffice it to say, that from all these, true specific types of degeneration do arise, bearing the same general characteristics as those already described. We shall conclude by one illustration alone of the operation of the *mixed causes* of degradation, resulting from physical and moral influences combined. We alluded, in an early part of this Paper, to the occasional relapse of civilized people into barbarism. Of this, the history of the Spanish and Portuguese conquests abounds with illustrations: the conquered races have almost disappeared, whilst the conquerors have greatly degenerated; and their mixture with the aborigines has produced a degraded race, which presents no element of perfectibility in the future. In Malacca, there remain 3000 descendants of the old Portuguese conquerors; their fathers were the companions of Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque; yet they are in a state of degradation, even as compared with the aborigines amongst whom they live; evinced by stunted growth, physical ugliness, default of viability in the infants, obtuse intelligence, perverted instincts, and a succession of progressive morbid transformations, reaching finally the extreme limits of imbecility. They live almost promiscuously, like wild beasts; they do not till the ground; they are without social laws; they have no priest, nor any form of legislation. The causes of this extreme degeneration are said to be the crossing of the races, and the enervating influence of the climate; but, more than all, the adoption of a system of morals and manners which belonged neither to themselves nor the aborigines at first, but has grown out of the despair or apathy of the one, and the luxurious sensuality of the other.

From all the facts discussed so briefly in these few pages, each reader will have no difficulty in deducing the moral; nor in determining how far it may be in his power to aid in ameliorating the moral and physical condition—i.e., in *regenerating* the unhappy *degenerate*.*

* Some of the statements in this Paper have been previously given to the public by the writer.

VIII.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

WE heartily rejoice—not that Lord Palmerston has returned to power—but that Lord Derby has received a most righteous chastisement, has been stripped of the greatness which was achieved by accident not by merit, and which was justly forfeited by an almost unparalleled display of incapacity and political infidelity. For a political party which, by its own confession, is in a minority in the House of Commons and in the country, to dethrone a Government by a *coup d'état*, and seize the dignities and spoils of office, is a species of usurpation ; and the people of England will never tolerate a usurper long, unless he exhibits a transcendent genius for statesmanship.

For a time, indeed, the liberal members of the House of Commons were disposed not only to endure, but generously to assist the conservative ministry. Lord Palmerston's insolence and levity had provoked or disgusted nearly every independent and thoughtful member of the House, and the courtesy, diligence, and modesty of his successors were a very welcome change. Nor was the Treasury Bench destitute of ability. Mr. Disraeli proved that during the years which had passed since he previously led the house, he had forgotten many of his follies, and learnt a wisdom which many thought he would never acquire. The habits which he had formed in the days when he spoke without the responsibility belonging to a great position and to the leadership of a powerful party, he was unable, on his first accession to office, to throw off : he was still the guerrilla chief, not the general of a great army ; he could surprise an outpost, but could not plan a campaign ; he was the Garibaldi, not the Napoleon or Wellington of political warfare. But last year he carried himself with greater dignity ; he remembered that he was a minister of the Crown, and not merely the dexterous, brilliant, epigrammatic orator of a party ; that while Europe was anxiously listening for his policy, it was necessary to forget that the House was waiting to laugh at his jokes. The honesty and industrious painstaking of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley, the administrative ability of the prosy and irascible Sir John Pakington, the literary genius of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the impetuous, fiery eloquence of Sir Hugh Cairns, and the splendid reputation—ill-deserved, but as yet undimmed—of Lord Stanley, powerfully supported their chief, and justified the expectation that the Ministry might in a few months win the confidence of the legislature and the country.

But never did a government crowd into so short a period so large a number of flagrant and ruinous blunders. We pity the Tory historian whose doom it shall be to write the recent history of his party. The India Bill was too absurd to admit of apology, to say nothing of defence. Its own friends were ashamed of it ; they gave it up, without

a struggle, to laughter and contempt ; it perished miserably, and went down—

To the vile dust from whence it sprung
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Of the mischievous financial arrangements which, spite of the warnings of wiser and more honest men, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer persuaded the House to accept, we are likely to hear more from Mr. Gladstone, whose difficulties are immensely increased by the cowardly evasion and postponement of responsibilities of which his predecessor was guilty.

The Reform Bill was but the climax of a prolonged course of follies. It insulted every party in the State and won the approbation of none. It betrayed a total and hopeless incapacity for appreciating the true wants of the country and the means of satisfying them.

It was in this political discernment, this fine sagacity, which operates with all the certainty and promptness of an instinct, that the late Ministry proved themselves most deficient. We have acknowledged their ability. They had eloquence enough, and administrative capacity enough ; but they had not a statesman among them. Lord Derby is a brilliant party chief ; Mr. Disraeli has sufficient cunning, malevolence, and cleverness, to stock a whole cabinet ; Lord Stanley is a cold, passionless, ambitious theorist ; Sir John Pakington is a diligent, energetic man of business. But among them all there was not a single individual who could make any pretension to those qualities of which we are reminded by the names of Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, and Peel. If but one real statesman had sat at their Council Board, they might have had a long lease of office, and the broken, divided, ranks of the Liberal party would have been shut out for years from all chances of power.

But when they attempted to construct a scheme for the government of the greatest of our dependencies, they shamefully failed ; and when they attempted to reform abuses in our own Constitution, they failed again even more shamefully than before. They could do routine work admirably ; Sir John Pakington especially deserves large credit for the extraordinary energy and success with which the business of his department was conducted ; and they could explain, defend, and glorify their doings in the House ; but whenever they were called to undertake any enterprize in which there was scope for the operation of exalted political genius, they proved that although they were fit to serve, they were wholly ignorant of the spell and mystery by which great men have ruled mankind.

Their incapacity provoked the contempt and alarm of the country ; but their political dishonesty was even more ruinous to them. They had been accustomed to profess loudly their faith in the old traditions of Toryism : some of them had hunted Sir Robert Peel from power, for what they called his base treachery to party obligations, and had poured out upon him all the bitterness and malignity with which a defeated, disappointed army are wont to visit

the leader who has betrayed them. To judge from their language, they were resolved to fight and to die in defence of the venerable creed into which they had been baptized by their political godfathers. No popular antagonism should tempt them, nor should the glittering prizes of power and place be ever able to tempt them, from the path they had chosen. Their course was to be as relentlessly straight as an old Roman road; no matter whether it led them over steep and weary heights, or into deep and shady valleys, or across dreary monotonous plains, they were determined to march on, with heroic, unswerving directness.

And in their case, as always, "honesty would have been the best policy." There is still a love for the past deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of this country. The castle and the cathedral have not lost their influence over the imagination and affections of Englishmen. In the House of Commons, an honest, resolute, Conservative Government would have been sustained with enthusiasm by its friends and respected by its enemies. In the nation generally, aye, even in our large towns, vast multitudes of people would have heartily enjoyed seeing "old English" principles maintained with "old English" spirit. The Conservatives do not understand the real amount of support they could secure if only they were true to their instincts and their professions. There is, and there will always be, in a country like this, a large amount of reverence for antiquity—faith in the wisdom of our forefathers—love for existing institutions, distrust of innovation, and dislike of change. But a party which bids for power by giving to the country a blank programme, and a pledge to accept and carry any measures which predominant public opinion may dictate, will sooner or later be loaded with scorn and doomed to destruction. Honesty, frankness, fearlessness, are, happily, still the virtues which Englishmen most venerate and admire; and no ministry, however strong in all the other elements of political greatness, can exist long which does not possess, or, at least, appear to possess, these manly virtues.

But from first to last Lord Derby's followers were guilty of the most humiliating and shameful apostacies. They threw out Lord Palmerston by voting against his Conspiracy Bill, which on the first reading they had heartily accepted. They inaugurated their official life by carrying a measure for the destruction of the East Indian Company, for whose existence and reputation they had exerted only a few weeks before their utmost eloquence and strength. They brought forward a Reform Bill, which, while it was too conservative to please Mr. Walpole, was too revolutionary to please Mr. Bright. The champions of the Constitution having previously conceded the abolition of the Property Qualification, proposed to organize many of the constituencies after the model of Electoral Districts, and to abolish the franchises of the most ancient order of country voters. We will say nothing of the Dissolution, though we think that the late government have not received half the lashing for it which they deserve; but it

is impossible to forget or to pass over their astounding proceedings in connection with some of the Irish elections. Whether the alliance between the hereditary and consecrated defenders of Potestant ascendancy in Ireland, on the one hand, and the Romish priesthood on the other, was the result of a general treaty, a "written engagement," or a verbal understanding; or whether it was based upon indefinite hints, and intangible promises, it is clear that an alliance existed, and that it turned the fortunes of several hard-fought battles. Yes, the resolute opponents of Catholic Emancipation, the chosen champions of that gigantic iniquity, the Established Church in Ireland, the party which does homage to Lord Derby, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and boasts among its followers, Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Spooner, formally or informally, conciliated the priests raised at Maynooth, fraternized with the men who venerate the shade of O'Connell, and obey the behests of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Cursed with a fatal gift for trickery, Mr. Disraeli signalized the re-assembling of Parliament by "a dodge" which ought to blast the prospects of any minister. It is surely impossible to doubt that his elaborate and brilliant speech in reply to the Amendment on the address, and the silence which sat on the well-disciplined ranks of his followers, were intended to make a division on the first night of the debate inevitable, and to compel the House to come to a vote, while a considerable number of the liberal members were as yet unsworn. The Conservatives obtained office by apostasy, and tried to keep it by a trick.

We have said nothing yet of the foreign policy of the Ministry; and though they do not deserve the praise of having conducted their diplomacy with even moderate ability, we are glad to discover that the suspicions and fears which had been excited by the imprudence of their chief were unfounded. It should be frankly acknowledged that although Lord Malmesbury is wholly destitute of those great qualities which should always be found in the Foreign Minister of England, he was resolute from the first in affirming that, in the present war, Austria could never have the sympathy, much less the assistance, of this country. From the very moment that the French emperor awakened the anxiety of Europe, by the treatment of the Austrian ambassador on the first day of last January, our representatives at the various Continental courts received from the Foreign Office instructions which they could not possibly mistake, to the effect that, if France and Austria plunged into a war in reference to the affairs of Italy, England would certainly assume a position of perfect neutrality. And if, on the one hand, it was pointed out—perhaps too impatiently and too frequently—that Sardinia, by affording a centre and a shelter to all the revolutionists of the Italian peninsula, and directly or indirectly fomenting discontent against the Austrian rule, had given just cause of complaint to the Court of Vienna; it was also honestly acknowledged that Austria had so abused

her power over her subject provinces, that resistance and rebellion were only the natural fruits of her policy. France was warned of the sufferings which would come upon her people, and the awful responsibility which would rest upon her ruler, if she disturbed the peace of Europe; and Austria was urged and entreated to pause before she made the war inevitable.

Lord Derby's unhappy speech in the House of Lords just before the dissolution of Parliament—a speech which had more to do with the consolidation of the Opposition and his expulsion from power than even the enormous blunders of his Reform Bill, gave a false impression of the principles and aims of his government in their conduct of foreign affairs;—an impression which we are thankful to have removed by the papers recently laid before Parliament. Although obviously anxious to perpetuate friendly relations with our ancient ally, the late Government do not appear to have swerved for a moment from that policy of neutrality which the highest principles of political righteousness, and the plainest dictates of political expediency, alike required.

We are glad, extremely glad, to be able to say this. The position of the new Ministry would have been greatly complicated, had their predecessors been betrayed into anything like a promise, explicit or implied, to assist Austria in any possible contingencies. But we rejoice, nevertheless, that the reign of Malmesbury is over. His despatches on this great question confirm all our previous impressions of his feebleness and incapacity. Never was so incompetent a man invested, in so terrible a crisis, with such great powers. He has exhibited nothing of the breadth of view, nothing of the vigour, nothing of the elevated principle, nothing even of the diplomatic acuteness which should distinguish the Foreign Minister of a free and powerful empire. With Lord John Russell in the Foreign Office, we breathe more freely. He has never been the flattering eulogist of the French emperor, and he is altogether free from any tendency to sympathize with Austria; while Italian independence has always found in him a generous and fearless friend.

What will be the fate of the New Ministry, we can scarcely venture to predict. All the profound and subtle knowledge of mankind, which is the chief strength of the veteran premier, will be necessary to secure anything like harmonious co-operation among the members of his Cabinet. It is hard to conceive how they can have been brought together—still harder to imagine how they can sit together in the same room for a month without betraying irreconcilable differences. Lord John Russell is pledged to a measure of Reform large enough to satisfy Birmingham; Mr. Gladstone proclaimed himself the proud protector of rotten boroughs in a speech which must have delighted the bluest Blue of Oxford. Church-rates, of course, and all other ecclesiastical subjects, must remain open questions: from the new Government, Nonconformists, as such, can have nothing to hope; and it will be well if our position is not injured

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rather than helped by them. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Sidney Herbert will certainly not diminish, but rather increase, our military and naval establishments; Mr. Cobden is sworn to retrenchment, and is an apostle of Peace.

But whatever may be the fate of the new Ministry, we cannot but regard the recent changes as a great and incalculable blessing to the country. The audacious dishonesty of the Conservative party was a stain on the honour of English gentlemen, and was rapidly demoralizing the whole nation. It is of infinitely greater importance to us that our affairs should be administered by men of courageous honesty, than that any particular reforms should achieve success. To have a mere company of individuals in place, without conscience, without a creed, with no definite aims except such as spring from a passion for power—no real reverence for the Constitution they profess to venerate—no real trust in the people they profess to enfranchise—is a public scandal and national curse.

It is also no small gain that men like Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, should be generally separated from the Conservatives, and be seated side by side with the popular chiefs, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Milner Gibson. Henceforth reconciliation with their old friends is impossible; and having begun to look upon the leaders of our "fierce democracy" without terror and disgust, we venture to predict that in time they will acquire an amount of sympathy with the popular party which will equally surprise their new friends and their old.

Such sympathy, however, can only be the slow growth of time; and it is impossible not to feel considerable doubt about the possibility of the hasty alliance between politicians whose antecedents are so dissimilar being permanent. The marked exclusion of Mr. Bright from the Cabinet is an omen of its weakness and a prophecy of its fall. Its true cause does not seem to have arisen from the ancient quarrels between Lord Palmerston and the most terrible of his castigators; there is reason to believe that both the Premier and Mr. Bright were willing to forget their personal hostilities for the sake of the Liberal party of the country.

Nor are we inclined to accept for a moment the report, that the slander, malignity, and calumny, with which the purest and the most severely honest of all the popular leaders which England ever had, has been pursued during the last four or five years, and especially during the last nine months, have poisoned the ear of royalty, and that the Crown refuses to accept the services of a chosen chief of the people. We cannot imagine that any counsellor of her Majesty can have had the audacity to suggest to her the exclusion from her service of one who is an able and loyal-hearted statesman, as well as a great popular orator and leader; or that her Majesty would have listened to the counsel, if any man had been foolish and wicked enough to offer it.

At present, and in the absence of all authoritative explanation, the

only probable theory is, that the adhesion of Oxford was purchased by ostracizing Birmingham. The voluminous oratory, the inexhaustible ingenuity, the dazzling reputation of the last and greatest of the followers of Sir Robert Peel, and the confidence which his presence in the Cabinet would inspire in the hearts of that large class of Englishmen whose imaginations are too fascinated by the decaying splendour of the past to permit them to pronounce themselves reformers, but whose culture, good sense, and right-heartedness, make them impatient of the absurdities and selfishness of the wooden-headed opponents of all change; these were thought worth securing by the sacrifices of the robust sense, the heroic fearlessness, the muscular eloquence, and the immense popularity of Mr. Bright. But Mr. Bright cannot be injured by the hostility or distrust of his political enemies. He will be stronger at present below the gangway than on the Treasury Bench. When he joins a Ministry it will probably be to occupy a high office, and to exert a more powerful influence than he could hope for in the present. He can afford to abide his time.

It does seem to us, however, of infinite consequence to the country, that, if possible, the present Ministry should continue in office long enough to complete the re-organization of the Liberal party. Party government is a necessity of our Constitution; and a government sustained by the vigour, support, and hearty confidence of its adherents is the necessity of our times. We may inflict irretrievable injury upon our country; we may imperil the future of freedom all the world over, if we permit the party which has just been hurled from office, to return to power before they have learnt the lessons which only adversity can teach. The storms which are desolating Europe now, seem but the heralds of a fiercer, deadlier strife than we have known for many a century; and into the horrors of it we ourselves may only too speedily be plunged.

At home we ought to prepare for the time of our trouble by reforming all serious evils in the Constitution, and in every department of Government administration; by conciliating and deserving the confidence of all classes of the community; by removing whatever traditions and prejudices may hinder any able and patriotic man serving the Crown and the nation in the highest offices of the State; by regenerating our financial system; and, while repressing all unnecessary expenditure, and discouraging a restless and warlike spirit among the people, developing, systematically and by forethought, all the physical resources of the country, that a storm of fire shall envelop the followers of any ambitious and treacherous chief who shall venture to touch our shores. Unjustly excluded from office for many years, there seems now to be an opportunity for the Extreme Liberal party to secure a footing in the Government; and we heartily hope that there has been nothing in the regulations which have issued in the coalition, either to prevent Mr. Cobden accepting the office reserved for him, or to compel Mr. Gibson to resign the office he has

already accepted. They owe it to their friends and to the nation to prove *in office* the soundness of the principles professed by vast masses of the community who have hitherto been denied their just influence in the Government, and whose leaders have too often been evidently sneered at by men whose only title to public influence was derived from official education. For the present, it seems that to make the best of the present opportunity, is the only way of securing the most direct and principal influence of thorough Liberal principles in the policy of the country, in a period which threatens to be crowded with the most awful perplexities, and with calamities and perils such as will strain the utmost energies of our faith in God, our faith in each other, and our faith in the future of England.

Brief Notices.

KURTZ'S HISTORY OF THE OLD COVENANT. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George-street, 1859. Vols. I. and II.

THIS is the first issue for the present year of "Clark's Foreign Theological Library." It is a very important and seasonable addition to the many contributions with which Messrs. Clark have so industriously furnished the library of the British student. A condensed abstract of Kurtz's "Bible and Astronomy" has been most judiciously prefixed by the translator. Moses, geology, and astronomy are a very prolific theme in these days. The abstract is well worthy perusal. Without at all pledging ourselves to the details of his theory, we have long been convinced that it is the only hypothesis which is reconcilable with the Hebrew Scriptures and geological science.

The work itself—"The History of the Old Covenant"—is a thesaurus of literary reference on all the Biblical subjects which cluster around the history and exposition of the Old Covenant, and the materials are cast in the systematic mould with which all students of German Biblical scholarship are familiar. Books like these are suggestive rather than formative. We recommend them more for the sake of the questions which they start than those which they settle. It is often valuable to look at well-known truths from all the odd points and queer angles which they present on the other side of the German Ocean. It invites the earnest student to examine his ground afresh, and strengthen his positions, if true, by a more thorough and exhaustive survey of his foundations.

In all periods of theological convulsion and transition, the volcanic action always converges with tenfold fierceness about the threshold of

the Old Testament. Rationalists and infidels have a pretty shrewd persuasion that if the lowermost stones of the Old Testament can be loosened, the New Testament will not be long in crumbling. Never was instinct more unerring. No man can be a theologian without solving the problems which lie on the first pages of the Bible. Christian, heretic, and unbeliever must proceed on a tacit or avowed exposition of the opening leaves of the sacred annals. A conclusion cannot long be postponed. Kurtz is a man of competent erudition and of evangelical reverence, and discusses the various questions which crowd on the student with a critical reference to the learning and opinions of his countrymen. The uninitiated English reader will sometimes be sorely taxed by tedious and dreary discussion in the most compact and lucid treatises of the Germans. The vitality sufficient to animate an insect is often embodied in the carcase of a sluggish and lumbering megatherium. The two volumes before us are above the average of perspicuity and portableness, and will amply repay the toil of the student.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST. Part II. Edited by the Rev. Henry Allon and Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. London: Ward and Co. 1859.

THIS is just as it should be; for really good psalmody we need the combination of the spiritual instincts and culture of the minister and the science of an accomplished and profound musician. It has been a very real pleasure to us to submit the tunes in this book to a practical test, and we can bear most cordial testimony to the beauty, pathos, and power of most of them. We suppose that according to the atmosphere and temperature of

every man's religious life will be his taste and preferences in doctrine and music ; and the tunes in the "Congregational Psalmist" have derived a very distinct and determinate religious character from the one editor, as well as a peculiar style of harmony from the other. All congregations will not like all the tunes ; but there are very few congregations who would not feel that by adopting very many they would greatly enrich their devotional service. There is one element of excellence in the work to which we attach great value ; admirable tunes which congregations will easily learn, and rejoice to sing, are provided for many beautiful hymns, which, in consequence of their peculiarities of metre, are seldom or never sung. We believe that our superstitious reverence for long, common, and short metres is passing by, and that our people are beginning to enjoy the variety of movement which many other measures supply. The objection that "peculiar metres" are difficult to sing is most unfounded. How many popular songs are L.M., C.M., or S.M. ? What denominations sing better than the Wesleyans and Moravians ? and yet every one at all familiar with their services will testify that for every peculiar metre hymn sung by Independents and Baptists, the Wesleyans and Moravians sing at least half-a-score. Mr. Allen and Dr. Gauntlett have done us a good service, and we earnestly recommend ministers and choirs to look through the "Congregational Psalmist," and judge for themselves whether our praise is ill bestowed.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA ; an Historical Narrative. By John William Kaye. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

MR. KAYE might have written a better book than this on the "History of Christianity in India ;" but could hardly have written one more likely to be popular. Had he investigated more profoundly the religions and philosophies of the Hindoo races ; attempted to estimate their real moral

and spiritual condition ; criticised at length, and compared with each other, the various schemes for Indian evangelization which had been adopted by missionaries of different churches in different ages ; analysed the peculiarities which belong to the Hindoo type of religious life ; discussed, in short, the hundred questions in reference to "Christianity in India" which interest the Christian philosopher, he might have won larger admiration from a select circle of readers, but would have failed to attract and fascinate the general public, to which he has chosen to appeal ; and, perhaps, in the path he has selected he has done wisely. His strength lies in telling a story, not in philosophising about it. His admirable biographies of Sir John Malcolm and Lord Metcalfe, and his "History of the Afghanistan War," indicate a great faculty for narrative writing ; and he is probably aware that in that lies his strength. As might have been expected, Mr. Kaye touches very lightly on the earlier attempts to evangelise India. He gets over in eight and thirty pages what in Mr. Hough's great work occupied two thick volumes. However, there is great clearness and brilliance in the writing ; and most of his readers will probably be quite content to escape so soon from the Syrian and Jesuit Missions, and to get into a region where they will meet with objects more familiar and, to them, more interesting. The most attractive part of the book, to the majority of readers, will be the exciting narrative of the struggles and endurances of the early Protestant missionaries, and the sketches of their English supporters ; the most valuable part of it to diligent students will be the very admirable account of the varying relations between the East India Government and Christian evangelisation. Mr. Kaye's knowledge of the history of the Government is very comprehensive and accurate, and he has used it to admirable purpose. He has accounted for, though not justified, much that, to many who are ill-informed in these matters, is utterly

inexplicable in the connection which once existed between the English Government and Idolatry. Sometimes, perhaps, his tone is too much that of an apologist. No circumstances can justify, no necessities of imperial policy protect from the severest and loudest condemnation of Christian men, very much that has been done in India by a professedly Christian Government. It is well, however, that those who rebuke should know the misapprehensions by which sometimes the rulers of India were misled, the temptations under which, at other times, they fell. An intelligent, measured indignation has more power in it than a blind, ungoverned anger. We most cordially recommend Mr. Kaye's book to all who wish to know the real elements of the English Government in reference to religion in India; and to all who, being unable or indisposed to plod through larger and heavier books, wish to learn something of what has been done, both in ancient and modern times, to bring India to Christ.

A THUNDERBOLT FOR ROME, &c. By C. VINES, Professor of Theology. J. F. Shaw, 36 Paternoster-row.

OUR readers should be warned that this book is chiefly title, for there is, very little else in it. The author professes to have made a "new discovery" in the argument with Romanists; and this *new discovery* is, that "there is a direct antagonism existing between popery and the Bible." (!) Also, we are told, that the Professor "professes not only to have made this grand discovery, but to be able to prove the same to the satisfaction of all."

Moreover, in the preface is the following extraordinary bit of Bar-numism, which speaks for itself, with its own sonorous, unmistakable bray:—"Here let any one turn from this preface, and read only pages 106 and 107 in this work, and we promise him such an intellectual treat in reference to the subject as he never enjoyed before; he cannot

fail to be electrified and illumined beyond all anticipation." Of course, as may be expected, this comes to nothing. We can predict against the author that the unfortunate readers of these pages will be wearied and vexed beyond our most cruel wishes for any one: for a duller set of pages we have rarely seen. The fulsome puffery of this book reminds us rather of the cunning quacks who fish for foolish gudgeons by flaming and false advertisements, caught in this way: A gentleman lately sent ten shillings and sixpence, in obedience to an advertisement which "professed" to impart some "new discovery" in the noble exercise of riding. In reply the victim received as under, a marvel of lyrical sagacity:—

"Your head and your heart keep boldly up,
Your hands and your heels keep down;
Your knees keep close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own."

Caught in a similar way, another friend of ours sent up some 4s. 6d. in stamps, and received an almost equally poor return in "The Thunderbolt for Rome."

ROMANTIC TALES. By the Author of "John Halifax Gentleman." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is the first volume of a re-issue of tales that have already been collected and published, but in a more expensive form. Since their first publication Miss Mulock has founded a popularity which will secure a far wider and more enthusiastic reception for them now than they met with before. And they are worthy alike of her great ability and fame. The simple dedication—"I offer these that were of my May-days to May"—which will be not the less touching to her who is honoured with the gift, because only a few know who may be meant by the bright expressive name "May"—tells us these tales were the opening leaves and early blossoms of her genius. They were

the light studies by which she trained herself for her great after works. As such they have a peculiar interest for us. How traceable in every page is the mind that wrote "The Head of the Family" and "John Halifax." There are the same graceful and vigorous expression, the same insight into the passions of the heart, the same nobleness and tenderness of spirit as in her other works, together with a certain freshness, a play of exuberant fancy, which may betoken the immaturity of youth, but has a charm as precious as that of pink-hued blossoms of the orchard, or the rosy flush of childhood.

In these her first essays into the realm of fiction, Miss Mulock has shown a daring spirit in the variety and sweep of subjects that she handles.

She pictures scenes from the fair unshadowed land of Greece, and embodies with a strong vitality the manes of some long-faded stories. She alights in Italy, and her pages glow with the life of the early thronging age, when the republics of that land arose, and the reddening clouds were breaking before the new light of art, science, and religion that dawned first upon it. But the north with its long starry nights—its auroras, its forests, its mystery; and the dim mediæval times, in the gloom of which we hear the movements of a vast throbbing life, but can see nothing plainly, has chiefly fascinated her early genius; and so these "Romantic Tales" are mostly drawn from these sources of inspiration.

The first story, "Avilion, or the Happy Isles," is full of that eerie sort of fancy which is peculiar to the Teutonic mind. It might have been talked at night by an old Vala woman, or by some modern representative, such as most of us have listened to in our childhood. It is full of strange, dreamy, old-world poetry, and yet it teaches in its shadowy associations a most high and holy moral. So do all her tales. Forgiveness, patience, fortitude are hallowed in her writings by the sacredness with which she shows

their beauty and enforces their practice. On one point only we must emphatically protest against her teaching. That is the *universal* forgiveness of the wicked. Her conceptions of the Divine Being do not accord with those presented in the Bible, or with the facts of human experience. The evil of sin, its propagation, its deepening depravity, even under conditions most favourable to its removal—these facts are not remembered by her. Her *wish* begets her belief, which may be pleasant, but is not therefore true, and which weakens incalculably all our strongest convictions of "righteousness and true holiness."

TRUST FOR TRUST. By A. J. Barrowcliffe. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

THE agony of this novel is I-agony, for it turns on a case of marital jealousy; but the jealousy appears without reason, and the agony never seems to rise to real passion. In reading the story we are struck with a painful sense of unreality—the figures *marionettes*, the incidents improbable—and yet the talent of the writer confest. We could not, for the life of us, persuade ourselves that the youngster of the story had fallen into the river when it was so said, nor when the alternative was suggested that he had been stolen by gipsies could we believe that he had been thus spirited away. The only thing in three volumes that approaches to true passion is an exclamation of the endangered heroine to an unmanly assailant, while she launches a stone at his head: "If you touch me—if you come a step nearer, I'll kill you!" This was said under circumstances that would almost have provoked a member of the Peace Society to resentment; and while neither classical nor poetical bears some resemblance to life. Taken as a whole, this tale, with all the mechanism of a modern novel, lacks the inspiration that alone can make fiction tolerable. Middling romances, like mediocre poets, command approval of none.

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held on THURSDAY, MARCH 17th, 1859, at the CHIEF OFFICES, 47 and 48 KING WILLIAM-STREET, LONDON, E.C.; WILLIAM GOVER, Esq., the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The MANAGER read the following report:—

“The year 1858 has shown a considerable increase of the Company’s business.

“Eight hundred and two Policies have been issued, assuring £137,227, and the revenue of New Annual Premiums thereon amounts to £4,805 1s. 1d. The whole of these have been fully paid upon, Half-Credit Policies not being issued by the Company. This increases the grand total of Life Assurance Policies issued by the Company to the 31st December last to 3,998, representing Assurances effected with the Company to the amount of £644,287 15s. 8d.

“The total of Proposals received by the Company from its foundation has been 6,422 for Assurances to the amount of £1,100,837 4s. 9d.

“From these statements will be seen the caution with which lives have been accepted by the Company. The best available Medical skill has been employed, and the *bona fides* of the Proposers scrutinized, a course rendered necessary by the frequent and notorious frauds recently perpetrated on Life Offices. This scrutiny has been still more rigid where female lives have been proposed for Assurance.

“It is a satisfaction that, in round numbers, 4,000 persons have made a provision for their families in this single Office.

“The amount of business done in the year is not the total good accomplished; for it is probable that the diffusion of knowledge on this subject by the Agents of this Company have induced three times that number of heads of families to make provision in some shape for the future, who had hitherto neglected that duty; and, in future years, additional fruits will be reaped by the Company from the labours of 1858.

“The Death Register shows that the sum of £1,902 13s. 8d. has been paid in death claims and bonuses to the families of nineteen deceased Policy-holders. This mortality is much below the tabular estimate. All these Policies, of two years old and upwards, received a considerable proportional addition to the sums assured, in the shape of bonuses—the profits being divided every three years, and Policies of two years’ duration being entitled; so that the benefits of the improved Mutual System on which the Office is based, will every year be more widely diffused.

“The Company has received from the Policy-holders the warmest approbation of its principles, and the most cordial support in a variety of ways.

“Policy-holders have also received valuable assistance in the shape of Loans upon various securities, including their Policies. Some of these Policies must have been forfeited but for this timely aid.

“Loans continue to be advanced to Policy-holders wishing to purchase the houses they reside in, the repayments, which include Principal, Interest, and the Legal Expenses, not greatly exceeding the Quarterly Rent. This Investment, judiciously and cautiously made, is, perhaps, one of the best open to the public.

“The spread of Life Assurance is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Its effects cannot fail of being felt in the check of pauperism, the diminution of crime, and the spread of sobriety, industry, thoughtfulness, and morality—promoting the stability of the nation and happiness of the people.”

Borrowers are invited to examine personally the improved loan system of the *British Equitable Investment Company*, 47 and 48 King William-street, London-bridge.

Investors are invited to inspect personally the improved Building Society Share system of this Company.

Depositors are invited to examine personally the improved Deposit system of this Company.